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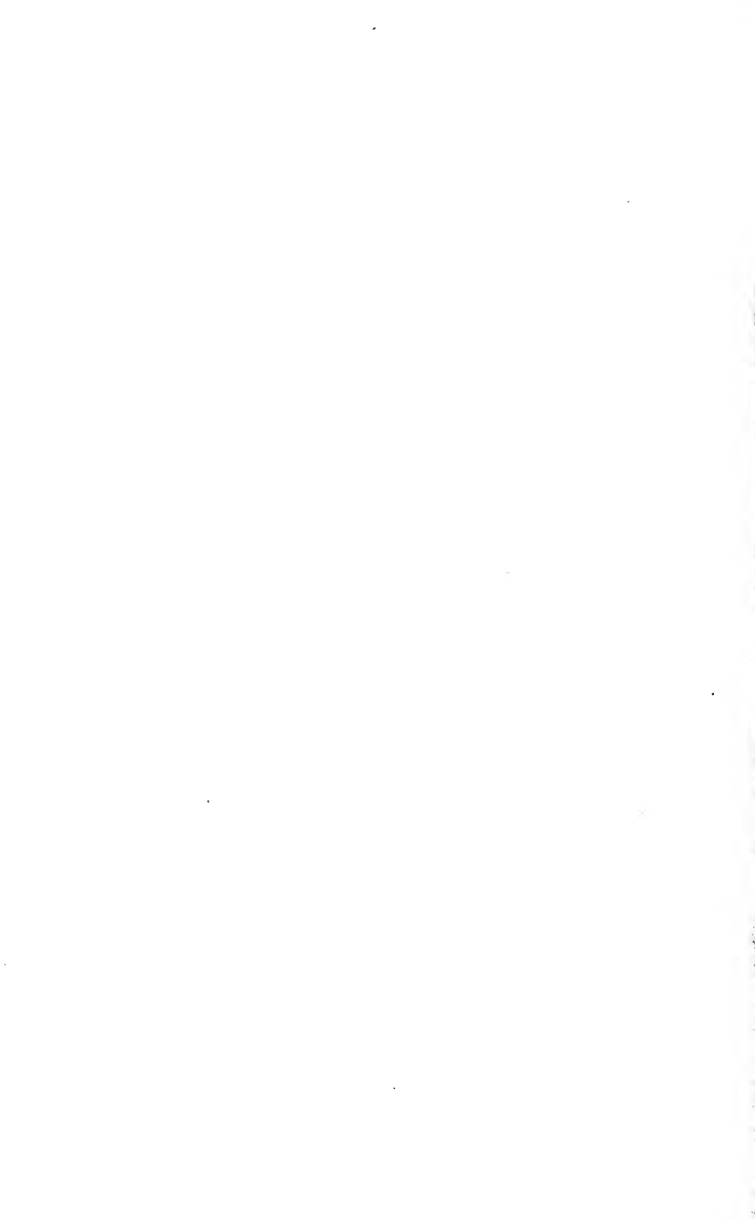


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Augustus St. Gaudens

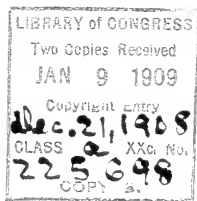
STATUE OF LINCOLN, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

LINCOLN DAY ENTERTAINMENTS

RECITATIONS, PLAYS, DIALOGUES, DRILLS,
TABLEAUX, PANTOMIMES, QUOTATIONS,
SONGS, TRIBUTES, STORIES, FACTS

EDITED BY
JOS. C. SINDELAR

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO



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PREFACE

IT IS especially fitting to issue this book—in fact, any book on the life and work of Abraham Lincoln—at this time, just preceding the centennial of his birth. Insignificant as the little volume may seem, it will have earned its right to publication if it bring, in whatever small measure, before the growing mind of the country a better realization of the grand life of the noble Lincoln—the loved and martyred President—inspired by God and divinely prepared for a great purpose: to guard and preserve a free and united country.

One hundred years seem but a day! One thousand years hence a deeper feeling will be felt for everything concerning Lincoln, as with each passing year he grows in the affections of the people. His body is dead, but his memory will live in the hearts of the people as long as our country shall cherish freedom and liberty. He was a born king of men, with an intense and yearning love for his fellows and their welfare, which knew neither rank, race, nor creed, but gathered within its boundless charity all mankind.

What a shining example this simple but sublime life offers to our growing youth! Born of humble parents, surrounded by poverty and hardships such as we seldom encounter today, his rise to the highest position in the gift of the American people—which position he not only ably filled but highly honored—is a grand illustration of persistence and ambition; ambition, though, tempered with foresight and wisdom. His was an exemplary character: a character which for quaint simplicity, earnestness, kindness, truthfulness and purity has never been surpassed among the historic personages of the world. His figure, too, more than any other in the history of our country, illustrates that America is the land of opportun-

ity. In short, to us he is the representative and typical American.

He missed the polish that higher education affords, polish though he needed not. What would not this country, with all its bright and polished men, give today for another man of rugged education, rugged honesty and rugged foresight and wisdom as was Abraham Lincoln? It is hard to measure the usefulness of the life of such a man, yet more hard to do his memory justice. Great qualities of heart and head did he possess, of patience, patriotism, and piety, too. He occupies a unique place in our nation's history. Though most of us never saw him, yet we feel daily the influence of his just and kindly life bound up in the two titles given him by his neighbors and those who knew him well: "Honest Old Abe" and "Father Abraham."

The matter in this book, the only one of its kind published, is intended not only for the entertainment of children but for their instruction also. The contents for the most part is new, much of it having been written especially for the book by Marie Irish, Clara J. Denton, and Laura R. Smith, and some gathered from various sources and adapted by the compiler. It is arranged as nearly as possible under the various headings in degree of difficulty, primary material being placed first.

Grateful acknowledgments are rendered to all magazines, periodicals and books from whose pages selections have been gleaned and without which the book could not have been complete. Proper credit has been given wherever such matter appears. A few selections have been used of which the names of author or publisher are unknown. For these it has been impossible to give proper credit. In cases where unintentional infringements have been made, sincere apologies are tendered. J. C. S.

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LINCOLN DAY ENTERTAINMENTS

READINGS, RECITATIONS, QUOTATIONS

SOME HEROES

THIS recitation is intended to be rendered by two little boys. One holds a book and shows the pictures while the other recites.

NOW look, and some pictures of heroes I'll show,
A hero is always a brave man, you know.

Here on this first page is Washington grand,
He fought for our liberty, our free, honored land.

And next we see our loved Lincoln so brave,
You know he gave freedom to each poor old slave.

And here's General Grant! Think what battles he
won!
He fought that all States be united as one.

You see all these heroes are both good and great,
And each gave his life for his country and state.

The last is a hero,—now think who 'twill be!
He, too, will be great; now look and see,—Me.

OUR LINCOLN

OUR Lincoln, when he was a boy,
Was very tall and slim.
You see I'm just a little tall;
I wonder if I look like him.

Our Lincoln, when he was a boy,
Was very brave and very true.
Today I'm just a little brave;
In this I'm like our Lincoln, too.

Our Lincoln, when he was a man,
Was loved and honored everywhere.
I'll be the man that Lincoln was,
To do this I must now prepare.

LIKE LINCOLN

CLARA J. DENTON

WHEN I'm a man, a great big man,
Like dear old Abe I'll be.
I mean to follow every plan
To make me good as he.

I'll study well, and tell the truth.
And all my teachers mind;
And I will be to every one,
Like him, so true and kind.

I'll try to live in peace, because
"Quarrels don't pay," said he;
And any rule of "Honest Abe's"
Is good enough for me.

I'll make the best of everything,
 And never scold or whine;
 That was his way when trouble came,
 And so it shall be mine.

I'll be a temperance man, like him.
 They say—what do you think!—
 He gave some great men at his house,
 Just water cold to drink!

He did not muddle up his brains
 With any sort of stuff.
 And so, I think his way—don't you?
 Is plenty good enough.

I may not be a President
 If thus my life I plan.
 But I'll be something better still:
 A good and honest man.

LINCOLN*

ONLY a baby, fair and small,
 Like many another baby son,
 Whose smiles and tears came swift at call,
 Who ate, and slept, and grew, that's all,—
 The infant Abe Lincoln.

Only a boy like other boys,
 With many a task, but little fun,
 Fond of his books, though few he had,
 By his good mother's death made sad,—
 The little Abe Lincoln.

* With apologies to the unknown writer of the pretty poem WASHINGTON, of which this is an adaptation.—Editor.

Only a lad, awkward and shy,
Skilled in handling an ax or gun,
Mastering knowledge that, by and by,
Should aid him in duties great and high,—
The youthful Abe Lincoln.

Only a man of finest bent,
A splendid man: a Nation's son,
Rail-splitter, Lawyer, President,
Who served his country and died content,—
The patriot, Abe Lincoln.

Only—ah! what was the secret, then,
Of his being America's honored son?
Why was he famed above other men,
His name upon every tongue and pen,—
The illustrious Abe Lincoln?

A mighty brain, a will to endure,
Kind to all, though a slave to none,
A heart that was brave, and strong, and sure,
A soul that was noble, and great, and pure,
A faith in God that was held secure,—
This was Abraham Lincoln.

THE GRANDSON OF THE VETERAN

ARTHUR E. PARKE

I 'VE got the finest grandpapa
That ever lived, I b'lieve;
He used to be a soldier boy—
He's got one empty sleeve.

He tells the grandest tales to me,
Of battles that he fought;
Of how he marched, and how he charged,
And how that he got shot.

My papa was a soldier, too;
 No battles was he in,
 And when I ask him, "Why?", he laughs
 And "guesses" he "was tin."

I've tried to understand their talk,
 And b'lieve I have it right:
 My grandpa licked so many, there
 Were none for pa to fight.

—*Youth's Companion.*

WAS LINCOLN KING?

ELLA M. BANGS

WE TALKED of kings, little Ned and I,
 As we sat in the firelight's glow;
 Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
 And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
 His armies to victory led.
 Then, after a pause, "At school we learn
 Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
 He was gentle and brave, and so
 Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
 'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
 And in waiting for his reply
 A long procession of noble men
 Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When "No" came slowly from little Ned,
 And thoughtfully; then, with a start,
 "He wasn't a king—*outside*," he said,
 "But I think he was in his heart."

LET US BE LIKE HIM*

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY

WHEN we think of Abraham Lincoln
Then the angel voices call,
Saying: Try to be just like him!
Be as noble, one and all.

Be as truthful, as unselfish;
Be as pure, as good, as kind;
Be as honest; never flatter;
Give to God your heart and mind.

Seek not praise, but do your duty,
Love the right and work for it;
Then the world will be the better
Because you have lived in it.

LINCOLN AND THE NESTLINGS

CLARA J. DENTON

I'VE heard the beautiful stories
Of Lincoln so great and so good.
He helped all people in trouble,
And their grief so well understood;
To many sad tales he listened,
Of heart-broken mothers and wives;
And pausing 'mid all his worries,
Once more he brought hope to their lives.

* From LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON, by MARIAN M. GEORGE and LYDIA AVERY COONLEY. Copyrighted and published by A. Flanagan Company. Price, twenty-five cents.

Dearer than all other stories,
 Is this little one of the day
 When he, with his friends, was riding
 On horseback along the roadway;
 There, in the dust, by a tree, he found
 One little bird, then another,
 From their nest the wind had blown them,
 And he was hunting for their mother.

When at last he found the nest, and
 In it the birdies laid,
 'Mid the party's merry laughter
 His heart was glad, his manner grave:
 "Seems to me," he said, "I couldn't
 Tonight in bed with ease have slept
 Had I left those creatures suffer
 And not restored them to their nest."

Wonderful heart; ever tender—
 Tender, yet *just*, with the rest.
 I think among all the stories,
 This shows his true nature the best.

THE BEST TRIBUTE

SIDNEY DAYRE

MY GRANDPA was a soldier. They tell about
 the day
 He said his very last good-by and bravely
 marched away,
 With flying flags and bayonets all gleaming in the sun.
 They never saw him march back when all the war was
 done.

They brought him here and laid him where I can always
 bring
 The very brightest flowers that blossom in the spring;

But sweeter far than flowers, as every one can tell,
Is the memory of the soldiers who loved their country
well.

I wish I could be like him—to try with all my might
And do my loyal service for honor and for right
And victory and glory! But children now, you know,
Have never any chance at all to war against a foe.

And as I think upon it, the best that we can do
To show our love and honor for a hero brave and true,
Is to resolve together always to be brave,
To live our very noblest in the land he died to save.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SUSIE M. BEST

'MID the names that fate has written
On the deathless scroll of fame,
We behold the name of Lincoln,
Shining like a living flame.

'Mid the deeds the world remembers,
(Deeds by dauntless heroes done),
We behold the deeds of Lincoln,
Blazing like a brilliant sun.

'Mid the lives whose light illumines
History's dark and dreadful page,
We behold the life of Lincoln,
Lighting up an awful age.

When the storm of peril threatened
His loved land to overwhelm,
Safe the ship of state he guided,
With his hand upon the helm.

Statesman, ruler, hero, martyr—
 Fitting names for him, I say,
 Wherefore, let us all as brothers,
 Love his memory today.

'TIS SPLENDID TO LIVE SO GRANDLY*

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

'TIS splendid to live so grandly
 That, long after you are gone,
 The things you did are remembered,
 And recounted under the sun;
 To live so bravely and purely
 That a nation stops on its way,
 And once a year, with banner and drum,
 Keeps the thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
 So white and free from stain,
 That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
 Though tested and tried again;
 That age to age forever
 Repeats its story of love,
 And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
 All other days above.

And this is our Lincoln's glory,
 A steadfast soul and true,
 Who stood for his country's union,
 When his country called him to.

* Adapted by the editor from the author's excellent tribute to Washington. The poem is equally true to the character and work of Lincoln as well as the love for him.

And now that we once more are one,
And our flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

AT RICHMOND

CLARA J. DENTON

WE HAVE read the stories glowing,
Found in annals of old,
Of mighty conquerers marching,
With cohorts strong and bold:

We see the proud monarch, riding
In grand and lofty state,
We hear the clamor, extolling
His skill and prowess great.

But, grander by far the vision
Modern annals uncloze:
Through the burning streets of Richmond
Walks Lincoln 'mong his foes.

Though no pride of state surrounds him,
On every side we hear:
"Foh Marsa Linkum, bress de Lawd."
"De Sabiour now am near."

"O, honey chile, jes' tech him once!"

"Suah heben is 'mos' nigh."

"I's on de mount, O, Gawd, I is."

"Dis niggah now kin die."

O, the poor untutored negroes!

And yet I am sure, to him

Before those cries of joy and love

Earth's brightest gauds grew dim.

And, I think, his heart that morning

A throb exultant gave;

For never more his countrymen

Could know the name of slave!

LINCOLN

FROM out the strong young west he came
In those warlike days of yore,
When Freedom's cry had reached the sky
And rung from shore to shore.

He knew the world was watching him,
He heard the words of scorn,
He felt the weight of a severed State
By cruel rebellion torn.

But calling on Jehovah,
He seized his mighty pen
And with a stroke, the chains he broke
From a million bonded men.

He was a dauntless leader
As among the host he moved,
And he gave his life in the time of strife
To save the cause he loved.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

THE STORY OF LINCOLN

C. C. HASSLER

TELL to the boys the story of Lincoln,
 Tell it to them when early in youth,
 Tell of his struggles for knowledge to fit him,
 Guide him thro' manhood in honored truth.

Tell them of Lincoln; yes, tell them the story,
 None more worthy of honor than he;
 None was more proud of our national glory;
 None was more true to the flag of the free.

Tell to the boys the story of Lincoln;
 Tell of his loyalty, tell of his hate—
 Not toward men, but the infamous measures
 False to the nation, the home and the state.

Tell them; yes, tell them, his highest ambition
 Was of all men in the nation to stand
 Close to the hearts of the people who loved him—
 Loved him and chose him to rule in the land.

Tell to the boys the sad story of Lincoln;
 Tell of his trials when traitors defied
 And spurned the old flag; how the nation's de-
 fenders
 At his call rallied and sprang to his side;

Tell how he suffered when news of the battle
 Told of disaster, of wounded and dead;
 Tell how his great noble heart was oft gladdened
 When as proud victors our armies were led.

Tell them; yes, tell them the story and point them
Up to a standard he would applaud;
Loyal in life to the state and the nation,
True to one country, one flag and one God.

OLD FLAG

HUBBARD PARKER

WHAT shall I say to you, Old Flag?
You are so grand in every fold,
So linked with mighty deeds of old,
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,
So calm, so still, so firm, so true,
My throat swells at the sight of you,
Old Flag.

What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,
Upon the top of Bunker Hill,
Who crushed the Britons' cruel will,
'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream,
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,
That you might float in glorious pride,
Old Flag?

What of the women brave and true, Old Flag,
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,
Sent forth a husband, lover, child,
Who labored in the field by day,
Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,
And thought that God great mercy gave,
If only freely you might wave,
Old Flag?

What is your mission now, Old Flag?
 What but to set all people free,
 To rid the world of misery,
 To guard the right, avenge the wrong,
 And gather in one joyful throng
 Beneath your folds in close embrace
 All burdened ones of every race,

Old Flag.

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag.
 Your stars shine out for liberty,
 Your white stripes stand for purity,
 Your crimson claims that courage high
 For honor's sake to fight and die.
 Lead on against the alien shore!
 We'll follow you, e'en to Death's door,

Old Flag!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

R. H. STODDARD

THIS man whose homely face you look upon,
 Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
 Born with strong arms that unfought vic-
 tories won,

Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen,
 Chosen for large designs, he had the art
 Of winning with his humor, and he went
 Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
 Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
 Upon his back a more than Atlas' load
 The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
 He stooped, and rose up with it, though the road
 Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
 Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
 To this dead Benefactor of the Race!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THIS ode was written for the Funeral Services held in New York City.

O H, SLOW to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust

In sorrow by thy bier we stand
Amid the awe that husheth all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done ; the bonds are free ;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life ; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the Sons of Light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ALICE CARY

INSCRIBED TO "PUNCH"

N O GLITTERING chaplet brought from other
lands!
As in his life, this man, in death, is ours ;
His own loved prairies o'er his "gaunt, gnarled hands"
Have fitly drawn their sheet of summer flowers!

What need hath he now of a tardy crown,
 His name from mocking jest and sneer to save?
 When every ploughman turns his furrow down
 As soft as though it fell upon his grave.

He was a man whose like the world again
 Shall never see, to vex with blame or praise;
 The landmarks that attest his bright, brief reign
 Are battles, not the poms of gala days!

The grandest leader of the grandest war
 That ever time in history gave a place;
 What were the tinsel flattery of a star
 To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!

'T is to th' *man*, and th' man's honest worth,
 The nation's loyalty in tears upsprings;
 Through him the soil of labor shines henceforth
 High o'er the silken broideries of kings.

The mechanism of external forms—
 The shrifts that courtiers put their bodies through,
 Were alien ways to him—his brawny arms
 Had other work than posturing to do!

Born of the people, well he knew to grasp
 The wants and wishes of the weak and small;
 Therefore we hold him with no shadowy clasp—
 Therefore his name is household to us all.

Therefore we love him with a love apart
 From any fawning love of pedigree—
 His was the royal soul and mind and heart—
 Not the poor outward shows of royalty.

Forgive us then, O friends, if we are slow
 To meet your recognition of his worth—
 We're jealous of the very tears that flow
 From eyes that never loved a humble hearth.

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

WILBUR D. NESBIT

YOUR Flag and my Flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half the world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam
aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through
the night.

Your Flag and my Flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.
The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for
me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and
blue!

Your Flag and my Flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your Flag and my Flag —
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!

Home land and far land and half the world
 around,
 Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the
 sound!

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

CHARLES G. HALPIN

HE FILLED the nation's eye and heart,
 An honored, loved, familiar name,
 So much a brother that his fame
 Seemed of our lives a common part.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
 Was with such nervous tension strung,
 As if on each strained sinew swung
 The burden of a people's care.

He was his country's, not his own;
 He had no wish but for her weal;
 Not for himself could think or feel,
 But as a laborer for her throne.

O, loved and lost! thy patient toil
 Had robed our cause in Victory's light;
 Our country stood redeemed and bright,
 With not a slave on all her soil.

A martyr to the cause of man,
 His blood is freedom's eucharist,
 And in the world's great hero list,
 His name shall lead the van.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was killed by John Wilkes Booth, almost exactly four years after the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter. This song and Edwin Markham's poem on Lincoln are two of the greatest tributes ever paid to that hero.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
 sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
 trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
 shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning;
 Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

* My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
 and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JOEL BENTON

SOME opulent force of genius, soul, and race,
 Some deep life-current from far centuries
 Flowed to his mind and lighted his sad eyes,
 And gave his name, among great names, high place.

But these are miracles we may not trace,
 Nor say why from a source and lineage mean
 He rose to grandeur never dreamt or seen
 Or told on the long scroll of history's space.

The tragic fate of one broad hemisphere
 Fell on stern days to his supreme control,
 All that the world and liberty held dear
 Pressed like a nightmare on his patient soul.

Martyr beloved, on whom, when life was done,
 Fame looked, and saw another Washington!

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
 Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
 That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
 That human humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
 Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;

That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
 For storms to beat on; the lone agony
 Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
 Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
 As might some prophet of the elder day—
 Brooding above the tempest and the fray
 With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
 A power was his beyond the touch of art
 Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THIS is a fragment of the noble Commemoration Ode delivered at Harvard College to the memory of those of its students who fell in the war which kept the country whole.

SUCH was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
 And hang my wreath on this world-honored urn.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote:
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
 How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace is dust;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

* * * * *

I praise him not; it were too late;
 And some innate weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame.
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

OUR ABRAHAM

OUT of the mellow West there came
A man whom neither praise nor blame
Could gild or tarnish; one who rose
With fate-appointed swiftness far
Above his friends, above his foes;
Whose life shone like a splendid star,
To fill his people's hearts with flame;
Who never sought for gold or fame;
But gave himself without a price—
A willing, humble sacrifice—
An erring Nation's Paschal Lamb—
The great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

I never saw his wrinkled face,
Where tears and smiles disputed place;
I never touched his homely hand,
That seemed in benediction raised,
E'en when it emphasized command,
What time the fires of battle blazed,
The hand that signed the act of grace
Which freed a wronged and tortured race;
And yet I feel that he is mine—
My country's; and that light divine
Streams from the saintly oriflamme
Of great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

He was our standard-bearer; he
Caught up the thread of destiny,
And round the breaking Union bound
And wove it firmly. To his task
He rose gigantic; nor could sound
Of menace daunt him. Did he ask
For homage when glad Victory
Followed his flags from sea to sea?
Nay, but he staunched the wounds of war;
And you owe all you have and are—

And I owe all I have and am
To great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

The pillars of our temple rocked
Beneath the mighty wind that shocked
Foundations that the fathers laid ;

But he upheld the roof and stood
Fearless, while others were afraid ;

His sturdy strength and faith were good,
While coward knees together knocked,
And traitor hands the door unlocked,
To let the unbeliever in.

He bore the burden of our sin,
While the rebel voices rose to damn
The great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

And then he died a martyr's death—
Forgiveness in his latest breath,
And peace upon his dying lips.

He died for me ; he died for you ;
Heaven help us if his memory slips

Out of our hearts ! His soul was true
And clean and beautiful. What saith
Dull history that reckoneth
But coldly ? That he was a man
Who loved his fellows as few can ;
And that he hated every sham—
Our great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

Majestic, sweet, was Washington ;
And Jefferson was like the sun—
He glorified the simplest thing

He touched ; and Andrew Jackson seems
The impress of a fiery king

To leave upon us : these in dreams
Are oft before us ; but the one
Whose vast work was so simply done—
The Lincoln of our war-tried years—

Has all our deepest love; in tears,
We chant the In Memoriam
Of great, gaunt, patient Abraham.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE*

EDWIN MARKHAM

THIS poem, which is considered one of the two best tributes ever paid to Lincoln, the other being Walt Whitman's O Captain! My Captain! is a tremendously virile and earnest summing up of the meaning of the man (Lincoln) and his life; a lesson in patriotism and a masterful piece of hero worship.

WHEN the Norn-Mother saw the Whirl-
wind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of mortal tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to hold against the world,
A man to match our mountains, and compel
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;

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The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
 The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
 That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.

From prairie cabin up to Capititol,
 One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
 Forevermore he burned to do his deed
 With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
 He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
 The conscience of him testing every stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

TOM TAYLOR*

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
 You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling
hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain :
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.
Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourner at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for you?
Yes! He had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen ;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.
My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more
true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be :
How in good fortune and in ill the same :
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,

• The authorship of this poem seems to be surrounded by somewhat of a doubt. Mark Lemon, editor of PUNCH at the time when this was written, is sometimes accredited with writing the tribute ; then again, Spielman's HISTORY OF PUNCH ascribes it to Shirley Brooks, who also was editor of PUNCH for a few years.

The poem first appeared anonymously in the London PUNCH, May 6, 1865. Accompanying it was an engraving of Britannia mourning at Lincoln's bier and placing a wreath thereon. Columbia was represented as weeping at the head of the President, and at the foot of the bier was a slave with broken shackles. Underneath was the inscription, "Brittania sympathizes with Columbia."

It is now generally believed that the author of the famous tribute was the journalist and dramatist, Tom Taylor, the author of the comedy, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, a performance of which President Lincoln was witnessing at the time of his assassination.

Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.
He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;
Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.
So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—
The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,
The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years.
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:

Till, as he came on light, from darkling days
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,
A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!
The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,

When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!
A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,
Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

LINCOLN

HENRY TYRRELL

L INCOLN arose! the masterful, great man,
Girt with rude grandeur, quelling doubt and
fear,—

A more than king, yet in whose veins there ran
The red blood of the people, warm, sincere,
Blending of Puritan and Cavalier.

A will whose force stern warriors came to ask,
A heart that melted at a mother's tear—

These brought he to his superhuman task:
Over a tragic soul he wore a comic mask.

He was the South's child more than of the North!
His soul was not compact of rock and snow,
But such as old Kentucky's soil gives forth,—
The splendid race of giants that we know,
Firm unto friend, and loyal unto foe, . . .

Such birthrights all environment forestall,
Resistlessly their tides of impulse flow.
This man who answered to his country's call
Was full of human faults, and nobler for them all.

He is a life, and not a legend, yet:
For thousands live who shook him by the hand,
Millions whose sympathies with his were set,
Whose hopes and griefs alike with his were grand,
Who deeply mourned his passing. They demand
Our homage to the greatest man they saw,—
They, his familiars; and throughout our land
The years confirm them, over race and law:
Even of rancor now the voice is hush'd in awe.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

THE women of Columbus, Mississippi, had shown themselves impartial in the offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederates and of the National soldiers.

BY THE flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass
quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever,
 When they laurel the graves of our dead.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

LINCOLN: A MAN CALLED OF GOD

JOHN MELLEN THURSTON

EXTRACT from an address delivered before the Chicago Lincoln Association, February 12, 1891.

GOD'S providence has raised up a leader in every time of a people's exceeding need.

Moses, reared in the family of Pharaoh, initiated in the sublime mysteries of the priestcraft of Egypt, partaking of the power and splendor of royal family and favor, himself a ruler and almost a king, was so moved by the degraded and helpless condition of his enslaved brethren that for their sake he undertook what to human understanding seemed the impossible problem of deliverance. . . .

A peasant girl, a shepherdess, dreaming on the hills of France, feels her simple heart burn with the story of her country's wrongs. Its army beaten, shattered and dispersed; its fields laid waste; its homes pillaged and burned; its people outraged and murdered; its prince fleeing for life before a triumphant and remorseless foe. Hope for France was dead. Heroes, there were none to save. What could a woman do?

Into the soul of this timid, unlettered mountain maid there swept a flood of glorious resolve. Some power, unknown to man, drew back the curtain from the glass of fate and bade her look therein. As in a vision, she sees a new French army, courageous, hopeful, victorious, invincible. A girl, sword in hand, rides at its head; before it the invaders flee. She sees France restored, her fields in bloom, her cottages in peace, her people happy, her prince crowned.

The rail-splitter of Illinois became President of the United States in the darkest hour of the nation's peril. Inexperienced and untrained in governmental affairs, he formulated national politics, overruled statesmen, directed armies, removed generals, and, when it became necessary to save the Republic, set at naught the written Constitution. He amazed the politicians and offended the leaders of his party; but the people loved him by instinct, and followed him blindly. The child leads the blind man through dangerous places, not by reason of controlling strength and intelligence, but by certainty of vision. Abraham Lincoln led the nation along its obscure pathway, for his vision was above the clouds, and he stood in the clear sunshine of God's indicated will.

So stands the mountain while the murky shadows thicken at its base, beset by the tempest, lashed by the storm, darkness and desolation on every side; no gleam of hope in the lightning's lurid lances, nor voice of safety in the crashing thunder-bolts; but high above the topmost mist, vexed by no wave of angry sound, kissed by the sun of day, wooed by the stars at night, the eternal summit lifts its snowy crest, crowned with the infinite serenity of peace.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light on the ocean, light on the land.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light from the cross of calvary, light from the souls of men.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was

light." Light from the emancipation proclamation, light on the honor of the nation, light on the Constitution of the United States, light on the black faces of patient bondmen, light on every standard of freedom throughout the world. ✂

From the hour in which the cause of the Union became the cause of liberty, from the hour in which the flag of the Republic became the flag of humanity, from the hour in which the stars and stripes no longer floated over a slave; yea, from the sacred hour of the nation's new birth, that dear old banner never faded from the sky, and the brave boys who bore it never wavered in their onward march to victory. . . .

After a quarter of a century of peace and prosperity, all children of our common country kneel at the altar of a reunited faith. The Blue and Gray lie in eternal slumber side by side. Heroes all, they fell face to face, brother against brother, to expiate a nation's sin. The lonely firesides and the unknown graves, the memory of the loved, the yearning for the lost, the desolated altars and the broken hopes, are past recall. The wings of our weak protests beat in vain against the iron doors of fate. But through the mingled tears that fall alike upon the honored dead of both, the North and South turn hopeful eyes to that new future of prosperity and power, possible only in the shelter of the dear old flag. To the conquerors and the conquered, to the white man and the black, to the master and the slave, Abraham Lincoln was God's providence.

JONATHAN TO JOHN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THIS poetic effusion of Mr. Hosea Biglow was preceded by the IDYL OF THE BRIDGE AND THE MONUMENT, which set forth another side of American feeling at the British words and deeds consequent on the unauthorized capture, by Commodore Wilkes, of the Trent, conveying to England two Confederate Commissioners.

IT DON'T seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John—
Your cousin, tu, John Bull!
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
We know it now," sez he,
"The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me!"

You wonder why we're hot, John?
Your mark wuz on the guns,
The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
Our brothers an' our sons:
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
There's human blood," sez he,
"By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
Though 't may surprise J. B.
More'n it would you an' me."

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
On *your* front-parlor stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait and sue their heirs?
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
I only guess," sez he,
"Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'T would kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?
"J. B." was on his shirts, John,
Onless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't jest the juice
For ganders with J. B.,
No more than you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
 You didn't stop for fuss,—
 Brittany's trident prongs, John,
 Was good 'nough law for us.
 Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
 Though physic's good," sez he,
 "It doesn't foller that he can swaller
 Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'
 Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John:
 You mus'n' take it hard,
 If we can't think with you, John,
 It's jest your own back-yard.
 Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
 If *thet's* his claim," sez he,
 "The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
 To bust up friend J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so dreffle big, John,
 Of honor when it meant
 You didn't care a fig, John,
 But jest for *ten per cent*?
 Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
 He's like the rest," sez he:
 "When all is done, it's number one
 Thet's nearest to J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
 Cos Abram thought 't was right;
 It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
 Provokin' us to fight.
 Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
 We've a hard row," sez he,
 "To hoe jest now; but thet somehow,
 May happen to J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you an' me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the ax an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
Ef 't warn't for law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here to Indy;
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 't ain't twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've got a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just an' true;
We thought 't would win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
There's nature in J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
John preaches wal," sez he;
"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love, or hate, John,
 It's you thet's to decide;
 Ain't your bonds held by Fate, John,
 Like all the world's beside?
 Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
 Wise men forgive," sez he,
 "But not forget; an' some time yet
 Thet truth may strike J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
 Clear thru, from sea to sea,
 Believe an' understand, John,
 The *wuth* o' bein' free.
 Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
 God's price is high," sez he:
 "But nothin' else than wut He sells
 Wears long, an' thet J. B.
 May larn, like you an' me!"

NO SLAVE BENEATH THE FLAG

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR

NO SLAVE beneath that starry flag,
 The emblem of the free!
 No fettered hand shall wield the brand
 That smites for liberty:
 No tramp of servile armies
 Shall shame Columbia's shore,
 For he who fights for freedom's rights
 Is free for evermore!

* * * * * * *

Go tell the brave of every land,
 Where'er that flag has flown—
 The tyrant's fear, the patriot's cheer,
 Through every clime and zone—

That now no more forever
Its stripes are slavery scars;
No tear-drops stain its azure plain
Nor dim its golden stars.

No slave beneath that grand old flag!
Forever let it fly,
With lightning rolled in every fold,
And flashing victory!
God's blessing breathe around it!
And when all strife is done,
May freedom's light, that knows no night,
Make every star a sun!

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN

GRAVE Lincoln came, strong-handed, from afar—
The mighty Homer of the lyre of war!
'T was he who bade the raging tempest cease,
Wrenched from his strings the harmony of peace,
Muted the strings that made the discord—Wrong,
And gave his spirit up in thund'rous song,
Oh, mighty Master of the mighty lyre!
Earth heard and trembled at thy strains of fire:
Earth learned of thee what Heav'n already knew,
And wrote thee down among the treasured few!

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar, 1899*

FROM humble parentage and poverty, old Nature reared
him,
And the world beheld her ablest, noblest man;
Few were his joys, many and terrible his trials,
But grandly he met them as only truly great souls can!
Our Nation's Martyr, pure, honest, patient, tender—
Thou who didst suffer agony e'en for the slave—
Our flag's defender, our brave, immortal teacher!
I lay this humble tribute on thy honored grave.

—*Paul DeVere, 1899*

WE rest in peace where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife, and pain;
His was the nation's sacrifice.
And ours the priceless gain.

—*John G. Whittier*

His patriotism, his integrity, his purity, his moderation will contribute largely to make the American people patriotic, honest, and upright. . . . His life, his teaching, and his character will prolong the life of the Republic.

—*Isaac N. Arnold*

His mind was strong and deep, sincere and honest, patient and enduring; having no vices, and having only negative defects, with many positive virtues. His is a strong, honest, sagacious, manly, noble life. He stands in the foremost ranks of men in all ages—their equal—one of the best types of this Christian civilization.

—*W. H. Herndon*

THERE is in the whole history of this Republic not one man, from whom we all—wherever born and whatever our political opinions—can learn more instructive and more inspiring lessons as to what true patriotism is; and there is but one who is fully his peer in this respect. To be pitied is, indeed, the American whose way of feeling and thinking will not allow him to look with infinite patriotic pride upon Abraham Lincoln.

—*H. E. VonHolst*

LINCOLN was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. . . . Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer not persons, but prejudices. He was the embodiment of the self-denial, the

courage, the hope, and the nobility of the nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll*

LINCOLN was the humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history.

—*Castelar*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the vindication of poverty. He gave glory to the lowly. In the light of his life the cabin became conspicuous; the commonest toil no longer common, and the poor man's hardship a road to honor. It put shame on the prejudice of wealth and birth, and dignity on common manhood. The poor received from him inspiring hope; he taught the humblest youth that there was for him a path to power.

—*Luther Laflin Mills*

MAY one who fought in honor for the South
Uncovered stand and sing by Lincoln's grave?

* * * * *

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood
A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

—*Maurice Thompson, 1893*

THEY bowed before the bier of him who had been prophet, priest and king to his people, who had struck the shackles from the slave, who had taught a higher sense of duty to the free men, who had raised the Nation to a loftier conception of faith and hope and charity.

—*James G. Blaine*

HIS was a name so pure, a life so grand,
That Lincoln 's a magic name throughout the land.

—*Jos. C. Sindelar*

IN HIS mentality, he shone in judgment, common sense, consistency, persistence and in knowledge of men. In his words, he was candid and frank, but accurate and concise, speaking sturdy Anglo-Saxon unadorned, powerful in its simplicity and the subdued enthusiasm of earnest thought. In his sentiments, he was kind and patient and brave. No leader ever more completely combined in his personality the graces of gentleness with rugged determination. In his morals, Truth was his star; Honesty the vital air of his living. In his religion, he was faithful as a giant; Providence was his stay; he walked with God.

—*Luther Laflin Mills*

HIS constant thought was his country and how to serve it.

—*Charles Sumner*

HIS career teaches young men that every position of eminence is open before the diligent and worthy.

—*Bishop Matthew Simpson*

SUCH a life and character will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the American people and of mankind.

—*James A. Garfield*

BY HIS fidelity to the True, the Right, the Good, he gained not only favor and applause, but what is better than all, love.

—*W. D. Howells*

HE WAS warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous, he was most truly, as he afterwards said on a memorable occasion, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

—*Alexander H. Stephens*

LET us build with reverent hands to the type of this simple, but sublime life, in which all types are honored.

—*Henry W. Grady*

LINCOLN was the purest, the most generous, the most magnanimous of men.

—*General W. T. Sherman*

HIS chief object, the ideal to which his whole soul was devoted, was the preservation of the Union.

—*Alexander H. Stephens*

O HONEST face, which all men knew!

O tender heart, but known to few!

—*R. H. Stoddard*

WHO can be what he was to the people,

What he was to the State?

Shall the ages bring us another

As good and as great?

—*Phoebe Cary*

LINCOLN was the greatest President in American history, because in a time of revolution he comprehended the spirit of American institutions.

—*Lyman Abbott*

HE WAS one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power, and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.

—*James A. Garfield*

WITH all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had trusted command, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero.

—*U. S. Grant*

THE BEST way to estimate the value of Lincoln is to think what the condition of America would be today if he had never lived—never been President.

—*Walt Whitman*

HE HAD a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will.

—*R. W. Emerson*

THE LIFE of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by old or young. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. In Lincoln there was always some quality which fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart. He reveals to us the beauty of plain backwoods honesty.

—*Prof. David Swing*

THE shepherd of the people! that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us with counsel when we

were in doubt, with inspiration when we faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty, devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was his.

—*Rev. Phillips Brooks*

QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN

WITH malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

I HAVE one vote, and I shall always cast that against wrong as long as I live.

IN EVERY event of life, it is right makes might.

THE mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the angels of our nature.

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

GOLD is good in its place ; but loving, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

GOD must like common people, or he would not have made so many of them.

THE reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.

THE purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail accurately to predict them in advance.

NO MEN living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

OF THE people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said: 'The gates of hell cannot prevail against them.'

NO MAN is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent.

LET NOT him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself.

YOU may fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

BETTER give your path to the dog—even killing the dog would not cure the bite.

THE way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody is hindering him.

I SAY "try," for if we never try, we never succeed.

THE pioneer in any movement is not generally the best man to bring that movement to a successful issue.

HAVE confidence in yourself, a valuable if not indispensable quality.

LET us judge not, that we be not judged.

WHEN you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, better let him run.

IT is best not to swap horses in the middle of a stream.

THIS country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

A NATION may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws.

WHEN you can't remove an obstacle, *plough around it!*

GOD bless my mother! All I am or hope to be I owe to her.

I DO not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.

SUSPICION and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.

DIALOGUES, PLAYS, EXERCISES

THE SAVIOR OF OUR FLAG AND COUNTRY

LAURA R. SMITH

A PATRIOTIC CANTATA, DRILL AND MEDLEY IN THREE
SCENES FOR A WHOLE SCHOOL

THIS entertainment is especially adapted for primary and intermediate grades, although pupils of all grades may participate.

CHARACTERS

SIX SAILOR BOYS
SIX SOLDIER BOYS
MESSENGER

} *Scene I*

SEVERAL DRUMMER BOYS
ANY EVEN NUMBER OF SOLDIERS
AN ARMY CAPTAIN
SCOTT, *a sentinel*
OLD SOLDIER
SEVERAL NEGRO BOYS

} *Scene II*

THREE BOYS
TWO GIRLS
SEVEN SMALL CHILDREN

} *Scene III*

SCENE I—BEFORE THE WAR

SIX SAILOR BOYS enter from the right, SIX SOLDIER BOYS enter from the left. They march forward in two lines, carrying flags, pause and sing. Cross flags or wave them while singing the last four lines.

SAILOR AND SOLDIER BOYS (*sing*):

Tune: COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

The flag of our nation we're bringing,
The banner for me and for you;
As songs of dear Lincoln we're singing,
We stand 'neath the Red, White and Blue,
O flag of a nation united,
We love your bright folds and your stars,
We march 'neath the bonnie bright banner,
This good land of freedom is ours.
We'll stand by the Red, White and Blue,
We'll stand by the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of our nation forever,
We'll stand by the Red, White and Blue!

See, the bonnie bright banners are streaming,
We wave them all high in the air,
The Red, White and Blue now is gleaming,
Beloved by all men everywhere.
Oh, long may the banner be waving,
Upheld by soldiers and sailors true;
Three cheers for the flag of our nation,
We'll stand by the Red, White and Blue,
We'll stand by the Red, White and Blue,
We'll stand by the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of our nation forever,
We'll stand by the Red, White and Blue.

(BOYS *march forward and back*, SOLDIERS *in one line abreast*, SAILORS *in another, following*. Lines *march right and left*, SAILORS *from one side of stage*, SOLDIERS *from the other, pass each other several times at center of stage*. *Halt at center of stage, the two lines facing each other, close ranks at back and spread out at front, forming an open triangle, thus A.*)

SOLDIERS :

We're the boys of the land!
We'll always be true
To the flag of the Union,
The Red, White and Blue.

SAILORS :

We're the boys of the sea!
Wherever we sail
The Red, White and Blue
Shall weather each gale.

ALL (*waving flags*) :

The boys of the land and the boys of the sea,
Sing a song for our banner, the flag of the free,
The Union forever, for me and for you,
Three cheers for our banner, the Red, White and
Blue.

ALL (*sing, waving flags during chorus*) :

HURRAH FOR THE FLAG!*

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of ev'ry hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own Red, White and Blue.

Chorus: Then hurrah for the flag! our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White and Blue!

(*Enter MESSENGER from the back, marches between the two lines to the front. BOYS form in semicircle behind him.*)

*By MARY H. HOWLISTON. FROM CAT TAILS AND OTHER TALES, by this author, in which book music for words given here will be found. Price, paper binding, twenty-five cents; cloth binding, forty cents.

MESSENGER:

What threatens the Union
In this land of ours?
There appears a new flag,
Of the Stars and Bars.
"United we stand,
Divided we fall."
Who now can save us?
On whom shall we call?

FIRST SOLDIER:

From Lincoln I have come today
Our Lincoln!
With justice he will take his place,
Our Lincoln!
With courage on his noble brow,
He will protect the Union now,
We all salute; to him we bow,
Our Lincoln!

(ALL give Flag Salute.)

MESSENGER:

From Lincoln I have come today
To call for Volunteers!
Other messengers are on their way
To call for Volunteers.
Shall we now see our flag bowed low?
No, to meet the Southerners we'll go,
Marching while the bugles blow
The call for Volunteers!

'ALL:

The time has come for strife and war,
Blow, bugles, blow!
The soldier boys are called once more,
Blow, bugles, blow!

Bear your message far and wide,
Ring out through all the countryside,
We are a Nation's hope and pride,
Blow, bugles, blow!

(Exit ALL, as bugle call is heard.)

SCENE II—THE WAR

SEVERAL boys with drums march in front of tents, which have been arranged on the stage. They sing, beating drums softly during chorus, and march around the tents.

Tune: MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Marching toward the battlefield,
We go with sword and drum;
Marching toward the battlefield,
O, see the army come.
Rat-a-tat, a-rat-a-tat,
So loudly beats the drum,
While we are singing of Lincoln.

Chorus: Hurrah! hurrah! who'll be a Volunteer?
Hurrah! hurrah! O what have we to fear?
Join the chorus every one, the army
marches on,
While we are singing of Lincoln.

Marching on to victory,
O, hear the drums beat low,
Marching on to victory,
Now see the army go.
Wave the bonnie stars and stripes,
Up high where all may see,
While we are singing of Lincoln.

Chorus: Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

(DRUMMER BOYS *retire to tents*. Enter SOLDIER BOYS, carrying guns. They are led by a CAPTAIN, who gives the commands in the following drill:)

Boys march by 2's, 4's or 6's and line up for drill.

DRILL

Salute! Gun held in right hand, top resting on shoulder, raise left hand to forehead.

Present, arms! Hold gun in front with right hand, grasp with left hand.

Order, arms! Large end of gun on floor, gun held by right hand, left hand at side.

Shoulder, arms! Guns on right shoulder.

Port, arms! Grasp gun in center, with right hand, hold diagonally across chest.

Extend, arms right! Hold with both hands, right arm extended, left hand resting on chest.

Extend, arms left! Same with left arm extended, etc.

Aim! Rest gun on shoulder, raised with both hands.

About, face! Face around.

Forward, march! March about tents, while tune of TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING, is softly played. Retire in or back of tents.

(A sentinel, SCOTT, comes out to keep guard, walks up and down many times, and finally leans up against one of the tents and falls asleep. He is discovered by the CAPTAIN, who comes on stage.)

CAPTAIN (*comes forward*):

What ho! the guard is asleep!
What, then, if the enemy come,
Creeping stealthily over the hill
With never the sound of drum?
By surprise our camp they'd take.
Sleeping guard, awake! awake!

(SCOTT *awakes and salutes* CAPTAIN.)

CAPTAIN:

For this offense you shall be tried,
'Twas indeed a sad mistake.
Who shall guard the camp tonight,
If no guard here is awake?

SOLDIERS (*come forward*):

'Tis wearisome the watch to keep,
Alas! alas! he fell asleep!

(SCOTT *is led off* by SOLDIERS *to be tried by court-martial.*)

OLD SOLDIER (*enters*):

Scott is a bonnie soldier boy:
He's honest, brave and true;
He is worthy still to bear
The Red and White and Blue.
Alas! alas! he will come home,
Sentenced soon to die,
Beloved by all his comrades, now
With bowed heads they march by.

(*Re-enter* ALL, *singing one verse of* JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.)

CAPTAIN (*to* SCOTT):

There is but one who can save you now;
From a cabin home he came,
He is our honored President,
And Lincoln is his name!
Then to our honored President,
For pardon we will go,
We will march if there be hope
No more with heads bowed low.

(*Exit* ALL.)

(BOYS, *in make-up of negroes enter. They sing the following song, and imitate banjo playing while singing the chorus.*)

THE SUNNY SOUTHLAND*

'Way down in the sunny Southland,
Lives the little black boy, you know,
His mother sings a lullaby,
To the tune of the old banjo.

Chorus: Plunkety-plunk, plunkety-plunk,
Down in the cotton-field we go.
Plunkety-plunk, plunkety-plunk,
Plunkety-plunk, plunk-plunk, banjo.

'Way down in the sunny Southland,
Where the sky is so bright and blue,
The black boy on the banjo strings
Likes to play the same tune to you.

Chorus: Plunkety-plunk, etc.

*Music for this will be found under SONGS in another part of this book.

'Way down in the sunny Southland
You will hear this sweet lullaby,
The wee black boy must go to sleep,
For the Sandman is passing by.

Chorus: Plunkety-plunk, etc.

SOLDIERS (*return, shouting*):
Hurrah! Scott is pardoned.

(They repeat the last four lines of their first song and march off.)

SCENE III—AFTER THE WAR

LINCOLN'S picture is placed on a ladder or easel, the children that recite placing flags and garlands of flowers about it.

RECITATION BY THREE BOYS WITH THREE FLAGS .

FIRST BOY:

The flag that speaks of men made free,
The flag of sword and drum,
'Tis the bonniest banner in all the world,
The flag of battles won.

SECOND BOY:

The flag that speaks of Gettysburg,
Upheld by faithful men
Amid the battle's storm and strife,
Shall wave for us again.

THIRD BOY:

The flag that waves o'er Lincoln now,
Means freedom for the slave;
So waves the bonnie stars and stripes
O'er many a patriot's grave.

ALL:

No North, no South, no East, no West,
A union of all states is best ;
One flag for all is a nation's pride,
The Blue and the Gray lay side by side.

A GIRL (*comes on stage and recites*):

OUR HERO

Today the flags are flying,
For a hero that we love ;
We all sing of Lincoln,
While waves the flag above.
Bring out the bonnie banners,
Flags of shining stripes and stars,
Lincoln was our country's hero,
And the victory is ours.

ANOTHER GIRL (*enters and recites*):

OUR LINCOLN

Crown him with wreaths of evergreen,
Our Lincoln.
Bring fairest flowers ever seen,
For Lincoln.
Crown him today with fragrant flowers,
The war is o'er, the victory is ours,
Above all men this great man towers,
Our Lincoln.

Crown him with gentle words of love,
Our Lincoln ;
And place the banners high above
For Lincoln.
Raise high the flag of liberty,
For one who set the slaves all free,
Ring out his praises from sea to sea,
Our Lincoln.

(CHILDREN carrying flags and flowers and having shields on their breasts, each bearing one letter to spell the word "Lincoln," enter. The cards bearing the letters are hung from the neck, and when children enter are blank side toward audience. Each child turns his letter to view of the audience after reciting his lines and disposing of his flowers and flag. They stand in order, and when through reciting, place the flowers and flags around the portrait of Lincoln.)

L:

Lincoln's name we all repeat,
And bring for him our flowers sweet.

I:

In peace or war a nation's pride,
We place our banners by his side.

N:

No North, no South today is seen,
We bring our wreaths of evergreen.

C:

Crown him with honest words of love,
And place the stars and stripes above.

O:

One nation and one flag is best,
Place flowers where our hero rests.

L:

Lincoln, we all love to bring
Tributes, while of thee we sing.

N:

No more he hears the bugle's call,
We scatter flowers over all.

ALL (*return, grouping themselves nicely and sing*):

LINCOLN DEAR*

Wave the bonnie banners high,
O Lincoln dear!

*Music for this will be found under SONGS in another part of this book.

A host of children passing by,
 O Lincoln dear,
Will sing to you their sweetest song,
As they now proudly march along,
For laurels unto you belong,
 O Lincoln dear.

Chorus: Wave the banners high,
 The Red, the White, the Blue;
Wave the banners high,
 To Lincoln dear we're true.
O wave the bonnie banners,
 How proudly they all sway,
We wave the Red, the White, the Blue,
 For Lincoln dear today.

Bonnie flags shall crown you now,
 O Lincoln dear,
We place them by your noble brow,
 O Lincoln dear,
And fairer far than monument,
The love from our young hearts is sent,
You were our honored President,
 O Lincoln dear.

Chorus: Wave the banners, etc.

A FLAG EXERCISE

L. F. ARMITAGE

FOR EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS, EACH CARRYING A FLAG

FIRST CHILD:

What flag is this?

SECOND:

This is our country's flag,
This flag so fine.

It is my father's flag
And it is mine.

THIRD:

What are its colors?

FOURTH:

White stars in a field of blue,
Stripes white and red.
See our "Red, White and Blue"
Waving o'erhead (*waving flags*).

FIFTH:

What do these colors mean?

SIXTH:

White means, Be always pure!
Red means, Be brave!
Blue means, Be ever true!
Long may it wave.

SEVENTH:

Why are the flags up today?

EIGHTH:

All these United States,
Many in one,
Honor this glorious name—
Abraham Lincoln.

ALL (*sing*):

Tune: AULD LANG SYNE

We wave* the flag, the bonny flag
 Of red and white and blue.
 This flag that floats o'er land and sea,
 To it we will be true.
 Then* hail the flag, this bonny flag,
 We'll give it three times three;
 God bless the land that owns this flag,
 The land of liberty.

*Waving flags.

—*Primary Education*

THE WOODEN FIRE-SHOVEL

CLARA J. DENTON

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS AND TWO BOYS

CHARACTERS

MRS. LINCOLN, *mother of the family*

MR. LINCOLN, *father of same*

SARAH, *step-daughter of Mrs. Lincoln and sister to "Abe"*

JOHN JOHNSTON,

MATILDA JOHNSTON, } *Mrs. Lincoln's children*

COSTUMES

MRS. LINCOLN: Dark calico gown very plainly made, wide gingham apron, hair parted in the middle, combed straight back from the face, and arranged in knot at back. Let this character be taller than the other girls, if possible.

MR. LINCOLN: Blue overalls and blouse. This character should be taller than the other boys.

SARAH: Short, plainly-made calico gown; hair arranged in two long braids, fastened together by dark thread.

JOHN JOHNSTON: Blue overalls and blouse, battered fur cap.

MATILDA JOHNSTON: Gown like Sarah's although different in color, hair also done up like Sarah's.

SCENE

VERY plain interior. Pine table at center. Split-bottom rocker near it. Two old-fashioned wooden chairs placed a few feet apart at right-front, the same at left-front. At left-rear is a pine cupboard, on the open shelves of which are some cheap earthen dishes. This cupboard must be placed so that the characters can pass behind it to reach the suggested fireplace. Several skins of animals may be tacked about the walls; a pair of deer-antlers should also be in evidence. An old-fashioned gun with powder-horn might be hung in a conspicuous position. A wool spinning-wheel would add to the old-time effect.

MRS. LINCOLN and SARAH are discovered; the former, seated in the rocker, is mending a pair of ragged overalls, which, as she talks, she from time to time holds up and spreads out as if looking for holes. SARAH, at rear of stage, is sweeping vigorously.

MRS. LINCOLN: Dear me, Sarah! what a dust you do kick up (*coughs*); you'll choke me to death.

SARAH (*sweeping more gently*): Excuse me, but you see, the dirt is all here, and I suppose the only way to get it out is to kick it up; but I'll try to be more careful.

VOICE (*behind scenes*): Abe, Abe, O, Abe.

MRS. LINCOLN: How strange it is that I just can't teach John not to stand and call out that way. I've tried ever since he was a baby to make him go to anyone that he wants.

SARAH: I suppose he thinks it doesn't matter as long as he's just calling Abe.

MRS. LINCOLN: But it does matter, because it's a bad habit, and a bad habit is mighty easy to get and mighty hard to lose. I don't have a bit of trouble teaching all those things to Abe. Dear me, he's such a good, obedient boy; I don't believe he'll live to grow up (*sighs*).

SARAH: O, yes he will, mother; he's too full of mischief to die; besides, he's the strongest boy for his age that there is anywhere around here. He picked Matilda and me both up yesterday and carried us clear to the woods. We kicked and screamed (*laughs*) and squirmed,

but oh my! we're just like a pair of dolls to him. He set us down at the edge of the woods, then started on a run. We started too, but he was in the barn and clear at the top of the corn-stalks stacked in the mow before we were half way to the house (*laughs*). Don't worry about his dying, mother.

VOICE (*again*): Abe, Abe, O, Abe.

MRS. LINCOLN: What shall I do with that boy?

SARAH: Don't do anything. Just let him keep right on howling until he gets tired of it.

MRS. LINCOLN: But I'm tired of hearing him.

SARAH: Shall I go and make him keep still? (*Laughs and gesticulates.*)

JOHN (*enters at right*): Where's Abe, mother? I've been calling and calling him. (*Sits in chair at right-front.*)

SARAH: Yes, we thought we heard something.

MRS. LINCOLN: Take off your hat, my son. I do wish you didn't need telling that so often.

JOHN (*removes hat*): But I want Abe.

MRS. LINCOLN: What for?

JOHN: To help me carry in the wood. There's a big storm coming.

MRS. LINCOLN: Well, he isn't here.

JOHN: Isn't here? What do you mean? I didn't see him go away.

MRS. LINCOLN: No, he went away while you were gone to the woods with your father's lunch. This is his birthday, so I let him walk to Gentryville to get me some thread. You folks wear out your clothes so fast that it takes a lot of thread to keep you from being bundles of rags.

JOHN (*sulkily*): And must I get that wood in all alone?

MRS. LINCOLN: That won't hurt you. Don't you remember the other day when you had the tooth-ache, Abe got in all the wood and wouldn't let you do a thing?

MATILDA (*enters at left from behind cupboard*): Hurry up, John, and bring in some wood, the fire is getting low. Don't you feel chilly, mother?

MRS. LINCOLN: Yes, it is getting cold here. Run along, John, that's a good boy. Abe will get it all in to-morrow night, I'm sure.

SARAH: Yes, or else when he's rich and famous maybe he'll let you live with him. Mother is so sure he's bound to be a great man.

JOHN (*rising*): O, well, Abe's all right, I don't mind.

MRS. LINCOLN: Yes, you children like to laugh at the things I say about Abe, but I know any boy—or girl either, for that matter—who's so anxious to learn, can't help amounting to something some day. You just wait and see.

MR. LINCOLN (*enters at right*): What's that, mother? What shall we see if we wait? Guess we'll have to wait a good while if we see anything very great around these diggings.

SARAH: O, ma's just bragging about Abe again.

MR. LINCOLN (*goes to MRS. LINCOLN and lays hand on her shoulder*): You're good to the chap, Sallie, that's a fact. I'm glad I brought you here to be a mother to him. But sometimes I wonder if it's just the thing for you to encourage him to do so much reading, for I know you do encourage him.

MATILDA: I should say she does! Why, the rest of us young ones have to go around on our tip-toes and talk in whispers when Abe gets his nose in a book.

MR. LINCOLN: Isn't that a little hard on the others, Sallie?

MATILDA (*quickly*): Oh, my! *we* don't mind. We

like to have Abe read, and we think he's mighty good to tell the rest of us all about what he reads.

SARAH: That he does. You just ought to hear him, pa, tell the story of Pilgrim's Progress.

MATILDA: O, pa wouldn't like that as well as he would Æsop's Fables; just get him to tell you some of *those* stories some time.

JOHN: And all about Robinson Crusoe, too, pa, and the queer times he had. You'd like *that*, I know.

MR. LINCOLN: Well, it may be all right, but I don't like to see a big, strapping boy like Abe spending his time over books, to say nothing of the hours he wastes running around borrowing them. Why, I'll bet he has read every book in this county.

MRS. LINCOLN: So he has! He was wishing just the other day that he knew of some more books that he could borrow: he said he had "read every book that he had heard of within a circuit of fifty miles."

MATILDA: And, pa, if you could only hear him when he climbs on the table and makes speeches. I just tell you, Abe is heaps of fun.

MR. LINCOLN: I dare say he is, but that doesn't get the work done. It's all right for sickly fellows to be spending their time getting learning, but a big, strong fellow like Abe will always be able to earn his living by hard work.

MRS. LINCOLN: Of course he'll be *able* to, but you'll find out he'll not do it. I tell you there are other plans laid away in that big head of his.

MR. LINCOLN: Well, well, he'll have you to thank if he ever does amount to anything, that's sure. (*Shivers.*) But it's cold in here, what on earth is the matter with your fire?

JOHN (*aside*): Time for me to run. (*Exit at right, hurriedly.*)

MR. LINCOLN (*turning toward cupboard*): It's funny you young ones can't look after the fire when ma's busy. John, you go bring in some wood! (*Looks around.*) O, he's gone after it, I guess—about time. (*Disappears behind cupboard.*)

MRS. LINCOLN (*to girls*): Don't tell pa that John was waiting for Abe to help him. If you do they'll both get a scolding, maybe.

MATILDA: And you, too, for letting Abe go away. (*ALL laugh.*)

(JOHN *enters at right, carrying wood, which he drops noisily behind cupboard.*)

MRS. LINCOLN (*starting up*): John, why do you drop the wood in that noisy way? (JOHN *re-appears and comes down.*) After all my talking to you, it does seem as if you might learn to be more quiet about it.

MATILDA: Yes, when Abe —

SARAH (*catching her by the arm*): Hush, Matilda! if you keep on (*they come down to right front*) you'll make John hate Abe. Don't hold him up to John *all* the time as a pattern.

MATILDA (*sighs*): But, you know, Sarah, Abe is so different. He never does any of those disagreeable things that John is always doing. I remember, when we first came here, ma told Abe to take off his hat when he came into the house, and she never has had to tell him the second time; but she is still trying to hammer it into John.

SARAH: Yes, dear, I know, and Abe is so kind to everyone and so thoughtful of other people's comfort. I am so glad he is my brother, and I only wish I were half as good and kind as he.

MATILDA: Yes, and so jolly, too.

SARAH: Only sometimes he looks so sad—that must be when he's hungry for more books.

JOHN (*coming towards them*): What are you two girls talking about over here?

(MR. LINCOLN *appears from behind cupboard, carrying a large wooden shovel, the blade of which is covered with black figures. He comes down, confronting MRS. LINCOLN.*)

MR. LINCOLN: Mother, what in the world is this?

MRS. LINCOLN (*laughing*): O, those are Abe's sums.

MR. LINCOLN: Sums! I vum! Sums! What did he make them with?

MRS. LINCOLN: A piece of burnt wood.

MR. LINCOLN: I vum! Sums! Where did he learn to *do* sums?

MRS. LINCOLN: O, he picked it up.

MR. LINCOLN: I bet you taught him! didn't you, Sallie? Come now, own up.

MRS. LINCOLN: Well, I helped him a little, but he's far ahead of me now; he's ciphered clear through that old ragged arithmetic that's been kicking around the house.

MR. LINCOLN (*turning shovel over*): But both sides are covered. What's he going to do now?

MRS. LINCOLN: O, he'll take the shaving knife and whittle it all off, then he'll have a "new slate," as he says.

MR. LINCOLN (*holding up shovel*): A new slate! Sums! Well, I vum!

(*Whistle heard behind scenes.*)

MRS. LINCOLN (*rising*): There he comes now. Put the shovel away, and don't scold him, pa.

MR. LINCOLN: Sums! I vum! (*Exit quickly behind cupboard.*)

CURTAIN

THE PROPHECY

CLARA J. DENTON

A DIALOGUE FOR ONE GIRL AND TWO BOYS

CHARACTERS

JOHN

THOMAS

HELEN

COSTUMES

THE CHARACTERS wear suits made as nearly as possible in the style of seventy years ago. For hints as to proper styles consult pictures in old books—a brief description is, however, given.

The boys' trousers are long and loose; the jackets are short and tight-fitting, with small sleeves. The jackets are made open in front, and short, close-fitting vests, buttoning to the neck, are worn under them. White turn-over collars surmount the whole. These suits may be made of the cheapest material. Or, if preferred, the boys may be arrayed in blue overalls and "jumpers"; this will save much labor and inconvenience.

The girl wears a short, full-skirted gown of pink calico, the waist made plain, fitting closely and buttoning up the back. The hair should hang in two long braids, the ends tied together with a green ribbon.

SCENE

THE STAGE is set to represent a schoolroom, with blackboards and maps on the walls, and cheap plain benches and desks in an orderly arrangement. A small pine table, on which are some books and a hand-bell, is in the center. Behind this table is an old-fashioned wooden chair for the teacher. Shabby and battered books are piled neatly on the various desks.

JOHN (*enters at right, comes to one of the desks, seats himself, and opens a book*): Here is this miserable sum again. I suppose I've just got to get it done before the teacher comes; but I can't make head or tail of the thing. Let me see (*reads*): "If the half of four be three, what will three-fourths of twenty be?" (*Closes book with a bang.*) Was there ever any stuff like that? Everybody knows that half of four can't be three, so what's the use of wearing out a fellow's brains, 'spe-

cially when he's like me and hasn't any to spare, over a silly thing like that? O, gee, I believe I'll run away. I hate this school, school, all the time. If father would only let me stay at home and plough.

THOMAS (*enters at right*): What's that, Jack? Didn't I hear you say something about ploughing?

JOHN (*rises and leaves desk, both boys come down*): Yes, I was just wishing I could stay at home and plough instead of coming to school and worrying my head over fractions. I hate them.

THOMAS (*goes to another desk and takes up book*): I don't mind fractions, but here's this awful geography lesson. Teacher said if I didn't have it this morning I'd have to stay in all the noon hour and learn it. What good will it ever do me, I'd like to know, to get the names of all these islands in my head? I don't mean to be a sailor, and if I should be I guess I'd learn the names of places fast enough when I came to them.

JOHN (*puts his hand on THOMAS' shoulder*): Say, Tom, let's run away where they can't make us go to school. We know enough now.

THOMAS: So we do; we can write our names, and say the multiplication table. What more need a fellow know?

JOHN: We can work for the farmers until we get a little money and then——

HELEN (*enters at right and comes down*): O boys, aren't you ashamed? I overheard your bad plans; how can you talk that way about going to school instead of being glad that you have the chance to go?

JOHN: Glad of the chance? Ho, ho, that's funny.

THOMAS: I should say so, as if anybody was ever glad to go to school. (*Both boys laugh heartily. HELEN stands silently gazing at them.*)

JOHN: Why, that beats everything! "Glad to go to

school!" I don't believe there ever was such a thing as a fellow being *glad* to go to school.

HELEN: I'm sure I'm glad.

THOMAS (*snapping his fingers scornfully and turning away*): Yes, but you're a *girl*. I suppose it's all right for a *girl* to be glad.

JOHN: I said I didn't believe there was such a thing as a *fellow* being glad to go to school. You're not a fellow, are you? (*Both boys laugh and cross over.*)

THOMAS: If I was a girl I dare say I'd like to go to school. Of course, that's better than rocking the baby and washing the dishes—but *fellows*! I tell you they have better ways to pass their time, eh! Jackie? (*Pokes him in the ribs. Both laugh.*)

HELEN: Well, it's a lucky thing for the world that all boys aren't like you, else where would our great men come from if all the boys were as wiling to remain great know-nothings as you two are?

JOHN: O, who wants to be great? Great men have to work, and to sit up nights and worry about things. I rather be a plough-boy than a great man any time.

THOMAS: So would I! Nothing to worry about, just follow the horse and keep the plough straight.

HELEN: Well, there's one thing of which both of you may be pretty sure.

BOTH: What's that?

HELEN: You are in a fair way to get what you want. You will both be plough-boys until you are too old to hold the plough, and then you can go to the poorhouse, where the "great men" whom you despise will make laws to take care of you.

THOMAS: That's just it; now you are coming around to John's statement. We will not have to worry; others will do that, you see.

HELEN (*impatently*): Boys, why don't you brace up and study as you ought to? What's the use of all this

foolish talk? You know you don't mean a word of it!
(*Goes up stage.*)

JOHN: We do mean it, too, don't we, Tom?

THOMAS: *You're* the one that talks foolishness. You said some boys would be "glad of our chance to go to school."

HELEN (*coming down quickly*): Yes, and it's true, too. I heard my father telling last night about a boy living out in the woods beyond Gentryville who'd give almost anything for your chance. He's never been to school but a few months in his whole life, and—

THOMAS: O, no wonder he thinks he'd like it, he doesn't know anything about it. I thought it was fun, too, when I was in the primer class.

JOHN: Yes, so did I.

HELEN: Well, he's beyond the primer class, I tell you. He knows the old Webster spelling book all by heart, father says.

JOHN: How'd he learn it if he hasn't been to school? Your stories don't hitch very well, Miss Preachie.

HELEN: He learned it all by himself, lying on the floor nights in front of the big fireplace. They are too poor to have even a grease light.

THOMAS: Must think a lot of that old spelling book.
(*Both laugh.*)

HELEN: Of course he thinks a lot of it. He thinks a lot of *any* book. Father heard a man telling down at the store that this boy cut four cords of wood for some one, just to get a *piece* of a book.

JOHN: O, wanted to read the Arabian Nights, probably.

HELEN: But it wasn't the Arabian Nights that he bought; it was the Life of Washington.

THOMAS: What's the use of *his* reading the Life of Washington? He's nothing but poor, white trash—too

poor, you say, even to have a grease light. He'll never be anybody.

HELEN: Don't you be too sure of that. I tell you that boy will be a great man. Some day you'll hear of him yet.

JOHN: Just because he was fool enough to cut four cords of wood for a *piece* of a book?

THOMAS: Well, I'd have had the whole book or nothing.

JOHN: So would I (*sneering*). Why he was a fool. O, yes, we'll hear of him, of course. We'll read about him in the back part of the spelling book where the blank leaves are. But what's his name, do you know?

HELEN: Yes, father told me. His name is Abraham Lincoln: remember it, boys, for I am quite sure you will hear it again some day.

THOMAS: Of course we'll remember it; couldn't forget it if we tried. A boy that was as big a greeny as that.

JOHN: I tell you, Helen, the next time that you have to write one of those things which you like so well—a composition—you can write it about "The Two Cuts, or The Wood That Was Cut for a Cut Book." My! but that will be fine. (*Both laugh boisterously.*)

HELEN: Well, you may laugh, boys, but you'll find there'll be plenty of people to write about him, and it may be it will be done while you are yet alive to read the books, and more than that—

(*Shouts heard from behind scenes.*)

JOHN (*running off at right*): Come on, Tom, I hear the boys forming for "There, old cat"; we'll be too late.

THOMAS: But, how about your sum and my geography lesson? The teacher'll do something dreadful to us.

JOHN (*calling back over his shoulder*): Bother on them, we'll have time to study after school calls: if we

don't, who cares? Let Abraham Lincoln do the studying while we are having fun. Come on, come on. (*Exit at right.*)

HELEN: Don't go, Tom; stay and have a perfect lesson for once.

THOMAS: O, I've heard preaching enough for one morning. (*Exit at right, running.*)

HELEN: That's the way it always ends. If I try to have them mend their ways, they just make fun of me for "preaching." (*Goes to a desk and takes up book, opens it and sits at desk.*) I'm only a girl, of course, but I am going to imitate poor Abe by trying to get a little knowledge into my head. But what foolish boys *they* are, and some day when Abraham Lincoln is a great man and everyone is talking about the wonderful things he is doing, John and Tom will be standing around whittling sticks and growling because they couldn't be as "lucky as Abraham Lincoln." Well, if I am anywhere around, I'll tell them of the things they said this morning. I know I shall never forget them. (*Becomes intent on book.*)

CURTAIN

CAPTAIN LINCOLN

CLARA J. DENTON

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE BOYS

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN LINCOLN

LIEUTENANT DASH
PRIVATE DUNN

SERGEANT FREE
GEROLOMO, *the Indian*

COSTUMES

SOLDIERS: For the four soldiers, suitable military outfits.

INDIAN: If a wig of long black hair is obtainable, part the hair and make into two heavy braids, twisting yellow or red flannel through the braids which hang down close to the face on either

side. If a wig is impossible, decorate a strip of pasteboard with chicken feathers and fasten it around the head. Wear a brightly colored blanket thrown over a pair of overalls and dark cotton shirt. Wear moccasins. Carry old-fashioned gun.

The character of Lincoln must be taken by boy much taller than the others.

SCENE

CAMP; tent in foreground with flap up, showing rude bed, gun, knapsack, etc.

LIEUTENANT DASH and SERGEANT FREE are discovered lying at full length not far from tent.

LIEUTENANT (*rising*): Well, I must say, I'm mighty tired lying 'round here waiting for that boat to come.

SERGEANT (*yawns and rolls over*): Guess we'll never get where the Indians are if we wait for that boat. Wish we could all swim across the river. Captain Lincoln's getting mighty tired of waiting, too.

LIEUTENANT: No wonder! Such an unruly lot as he has to hold in check here.

SERGEANT: Yes, think of his being blamed for that rowdy crowd breaking into the storehouse and drinking up all the whiskey. He didn't know a thing about it until it was all over.

LIEUTENANT (*walking up and down*): Yes, but you see that's the way things go; he's at the head of the company and he just has to stand the blame for all their meannesses. I should think they'd be a little careful of their doings for they all like him, or seem to, anyway.

SERGEANT: You see, they just didn't think, that's the trouble with them.

LIEUTENANT: Perhaps they'll be more careful after this, that is if they like him as well as they pretend to.

SERGEANT (*jumping up*): Oh, that's all real; they like him, you can depend on that. Didn't you ever hear how he came to be captain?

LIEUTENANT: No, I have often wondered about it, for he's young for that position. Tell me all about it if you can. (*Sits himself on ground near door of tent.*)

SERGEANT: Well, it was this way; it's not a very long story, but I might as well sit down. (*Sits on other side of door.*) You see, there were two fellows put up: Kirkpatrick and Lincoln. The vote was taken in a field, by directing the fellows at the command "march," to gather around the one they wanted for captain. The other fellow was a good deal older than Lincoln and I s'pose most folks would say he was better fitted to be captain, but's sure's you live a good big majority went over to Lincoln's side. And I never saw a fellow so tickled as Lincoln was! (*Slapping his knee with his right hand.*)

LIEUTENANT: Well, now, they ought to stand by him and not cut up any more rowdy tricks, to have him disgraced by wearing a wooden sword. Better talk to them just as soon as you get a chance.

SERGEANT: I will, sir, that I will. (*Enter PRIVATE DUNN at left. He comes down and salutes.*)

PRIVATE: You just ought to have been up the road with the boys a couple of hours ago. I tell you, we had heaps of fun. Talk about Indians!

LIEUTENANT (*jumping up*) }
SERGEANT (*rushing to him*) } Indians!

PRIVATE (*crossing over*): Indians! (*Waving his hands for them to remain calm.*) No, just one poor lonesome, hungry Indian—an old one at that.

LIEUTENANT }
SERGEANT } Did they kill him?

PRIVATE: I guess not! the Captain was there.

LIEUTENANT: Well, what *did* they do to make any fun?

PRIVATE: Well, they all ran at him with their guns, yelling "Redskin! Scalp him! Kill him! He's what we're after." Then the frightened old fellow drew from his belt a letter and whined out "Me good Injun, me no harm paleface. See—paper; from big white war chief." Some-

one grabbed the letter and read it aloud. It was from General Cass and said that the bearer Gerolomo was a friendly Indian and that he must be given food and shelter.

LIEUTENANT: Forged letter, no doubt.

SERGEANT: I bet he was a spy.

PRIVATE: That's just what the others said. They all got around him and yelled "Shoot him! Kill him!" till I didn't think the poor beggar's life was worth two bits. He thought so, too, I guess, for he was so scared that he was almost white. They were all around him so that he couldn't run—tell you it looked tough. (*Draws long breath.*)

LIEUTENANT: But go on; you said they didn't kill the worthless cur?

PRIVATE: "Worthless cur!" Well, I guess not! the Captain heard the men and dashing in among them, he laid his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and he just roared: "The first man that touches him dies!" O, boys, you'd orter been there. (*Goes up.*)

SERGEANT: Come back and tell the rest; what happened then?

PRIVATE (*comes down*): Someone sung out, "O, you're a coward, afraid of an old Indian. Let *us* have him!" Whew! You'd orter seen him *then*. I never see the Captain so mad. "Who says I'm a coward?" he roared, rolling up his sleeves.

LIEUTENANT: Well, did they fight him? (*Laughs.*)

PRIVATE: Guess not—didn't want to tackle that job. So the Captain after a minute or two took the old Indian by the arm and led him off to feed.

SERGEANT: That was just like the Captain, but it may be the old fellow is a spy after all.

LIEUTENANT: Well, I guess that's the only Indian that we are likely to see and it's too bad of the Captain to spoil the boys' fun. O, here comes the noble red man

now. (GEROLOMO *enters at right, comes down slowly and timidly.*)

LIEUTENANT: Hullo, there, you redskin! What's your name? (*Goes to him.*)

INDIAN: Gerolomo. Me heap good Injun; heap like paleface, bring paleface heap meat. (*Shows gun and continues to move on slowly across stage.*)

LIEUTENANT: Stand still, there, and tell us where the rest of your people are; we'd like pretty well to kill a few hundred.

INDIAN (*stands*): Big paleface tell Gerolomo go bring venison, go bring duck.

LIEUTENANT: Well, why don't you do it, then? Better mind him, I tell you, or he'll have you shot.

INDIAN (*shaking head decidedly*): No, no, big paleface heap good, heap brave; no harm poor Injun.

SERGEANT (*going to INDIAN*): You're off now, I'll bet, to tell your people just where to find us and just how many palefaces there are here.

INDIAN (*repeats former business*): No, no, Gerolomo go tell big paleface got venison, got duck, got squirrel.

PRIVATE (*going to him and shaking his fist at him*): None o' your lying now. If you go to the Captain with that yarn he'll make short work o' you. The Captain hates a liar, he does.

INDIAN (*whining*): Me no lie, me good Injun. Me go tell big paleface me bring venison, me bring duck, me bring squirrel.

LIEUTENANT (*to the others*): Listen to that, will you? He'll bring venison, he'll bring duck, he'll bring squirrel. My! but we'll be living high. (*ALL laugh.*)

SERGEANT: We'd like to *see* your venison, your duck, and your squirrel.

INDIAN (*briskly*): All right, me bring 'em in, me bring heap meat. (*Turns about and moves toward right exit.*)

LIEUTENANT: Better go with him, Dunn, because if he is lying to us, which he probably is, he'll not come back.

PRIVATE: All right, come on you "heap good Injun." We'll see what you've got out there. (*Excunt.*)

SERGEANT (*saluting*): Hadn't I better go, too, Lieutenant? He may get away from Dunn.

LIEUTENANT: No, I think Dunn can manage him. But hasn't he learned the trick of telling a good lie?

SERGEANT: I should think so. Venison, duck and squirrel, and he's only been in the woods a few hours.

LIEUTENANT: Well, of course he may be telling the truth, because the woods are full of game, and I daresay the old fellow is a good shot.

(*Enter PRIVATE DUNN, carrying a squirrel in one hand, a duck in the other, followed by GEROLOMO dragging a dead deer. They stop at center. LIEUTENANT DASH and SERGEANT FREE run to them.*)

LIEUTENANT: Well, really, you old redskin you have told the truth for once in your life.

INDIAN (*lifting his hands and eyes*): Me shoot for big paleface. Great Spirit tell Gerolomo where venison, where duck, where squirrel for big paleface. Great Spirit always take care of big paleface. (*CAPTAIN LINCOLN enters at left and comes down slowly, unseen by GEROLOMO. The others salute.*) Big paleface take care poor old Gerolomo.

CAPTAIN LINCOLN (*goes to INDIAN and lays hand on his shoulder*): You have obeyed my orders and kept your promise, the whitest soldier among us all could have done no better.

Tableau

CURTAIN

WITH FIFE AND DRUM

CLARA J. DENTON

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS FOR FOUR GIRLS AND THREE BOYS

CHARACTERS

MRS. MORTIMER, *mother of the family*SALLY CAROLINE, *the daughter*ALBERT, *the son*MR. MORTIMER, *father (this character has no lines)*AUNTIE TEMP, *a negro slave*GEORGE WASHINGTON AUGUSTUS, *her son*CLEMENTINA DIANA, *her daughter*

SCENE

NEAT home interior. Old-fashioned hair-cloth sofa at right of stage. Hair-cloth rocking-chair at left. Marble-topped table at center. Easel with large picture of Lincoln near center. Cane seat rocking-chair at left-front, also another at right-front. Crocheted tidies on sofa and all rocking-chairs, and any other minor accessories that will give to the room an old-fashioned appearance.

COSTUMES

MRS. MORTIMER and SALLY CAROLINE: For these two characters borrow dresses made during the '60's. If this is impossible, make gowns of some cheap yet good-looking material to represent such. Let the skirt be very full and worn over hoops; the waist plain and tight-fitting with wide flowing sleeves with white muslin undersleeves. Wear a broad, flat, embroidered collar. Mrs. Mortimer wears her hair parted in the middle, two curls on either side of her face, held in place by side-combs; the remainder fastened in a knot at the back. Sally Caroline's hair hangs in curls. Let these costumes be planned and overlooked by a skillful matron who is at least sixty years of age.

ALBERT: In first act he wears an ordinary suit for young man; in second act butternut-color suit, ragged and soiled.

AUNTIE TEMP: Bright-colored print gown, wide gingham apron, bright bandanna kerchief tied on head. This character should be represented by a stout person, if possible.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AUGUSTUS: Overalls and "jumper" of blue denim.

CLEMENTINA DIANA: Cotton gown. The two last named must wear negro wigs or wigs of black wool. The characters making-up

for negroes should cover the faces with some sort of toilet cream before applying the burnt cork or "black-face" preparation.

MR. MORTIMER: United States military uniform faded and ragged.

ACT I

AUNTIE TEMP (*before the curtain rises*): Gawge Washington Augustus. O, Gawge Washington Augustus, Gawge Washington Augustus, I say. (*Curtain rises. AUNTIE TEMP is seen leaving stage at right.*)

GEORGE (*enters at left*): I was jes' suah I yerd mammy callin' me in heah. Wondah whar she went? Mighty ha'd times dese is foh de niggahs, dat's suah. What wid ole marsa goin' off wid de Linkum sojas an' young marsa stampin' 'round an' sayin' he foh suah cehtain am agoin' wid de Fed'rates I mos' done wish I hain't nevah been bo'n. I is foh suah.

(*Singing behind scenes, a strain of any darkey melody that may be convenient, though the following, is especially appropriate. GEORGE pauses to listen.*)

GEORGE (*continues after the singing dies out, looking toward right*): Dere comes dat worfless Clementina Diana, ef she is my sistah. 'Peahs lak any niggah dat can sing now-a-days ain't got no heart, jes' all gizzahd lak a chicken. (*CLEMENTINA enters at right, still singing.*) Shet up dere, Clementina Diana, how kin you go a-singin' 'round right in de midst o' dis yere wah when de folkses is a-shootin' each udder down, an' a—an' a——

CLEMENTINA: O, pshaw! Gawge Washington Augustus, I didn't make de wah, 'sides I hain't seen none o' it, so I might's well be gay and happy while I kin. Mammy's been a-squawkin' foh ye dis yere long while.

GEORGE: Where's she gone ter?

CLEMENTINA: O! I dunno. (*This in a slipshod way, shrugging her shoulders. Continues singing and exits at left.*)

NEGRO SONG

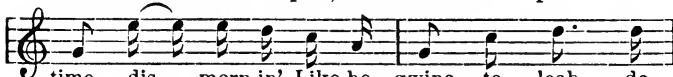
THIS is a funny old song that the darkeys used to delight to sing in the days when they believed "Father Abraham" was coming to free them.



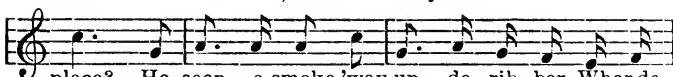
1. Say, dar - keys, hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de
2. He six foot one way, two foot tud - der, An' he
3. De ob - er - seer he make us troub - le, An' he



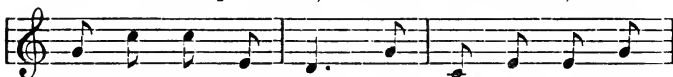
muffs - tas on his face, Go 'long de road some
weigh tree hun - dred pound; His coat so big he
dribe us 'round a spell; We lock him up in de



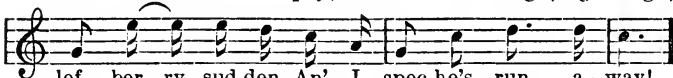
time dis morn - in', Like he gwine to leab de
couldn't pay de tai - lor, An' it won't go half way
smoke - house cel - lar, Wid de key trown in de



place? He seen a smoke 'way up de rib - ber, Whar de
'round. He drill so much dey call him Cap - 'an, An' he
well. De whip is lost, de han' - cuff bro - ken, But de



Lin - kum gun - boats lay; He took his hat, an'
get so dref - ful tann'd, I spec he try an'
mas - sa'll hab his pay; He's ole enough, big enough,



lef ber - ry sud - den, An' I spec he's run a - way!
fool dem Yankees For to tink he's con - tra - band.
ought to know bet - ter Dan to went an' run a - way.

CHORUS:



De mas - sa run, ha! ha! De darkeys stay, ho! ho! It



mus' be now de kingdom coming, An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

GEORGE: Ef that hain't de most disrisponsible niggah gal dat eber breaved de bref o' life! If I's lak she am I'd run off tomowow and jine dem Linkum sojas, but I jes' cain't do it. I jes' keep a-wonderin' what dey all will do at home widout me. Well, I reckon I'll go hunt up mammy. (*Exits at right.*)

SALLY (*enters at left carrying open letter*): Poor Cousin Bessie Helen, she has left her beautiful Alabama home with all its grand furniture and has run away with her brothers and sisters to grandpa's home here in Tennessee. What a foolish thing for her to do. (*Reads from letter*): "When they told me the Yankee soldiers were coming I couldn't think of anything but to get away safely with the children before the soldiers came in and butchered us all." How *foolish* she was! I am sure the officers would have seen that she came to no harm. (*Goes to Lincoln's portrait and places her hand upon it.*) It is plain that she has never looked upon *your* noble face. If she had she would have felt, as I do, that at least some small measure of your beautiful spirit must be scattered abroad through your army to keep the men from harming helpless widows and children. But, poor Bessie! she has only heard dreadful stories about you, and so, with her mother in her grave, and her father fighting against the Yankees she could see no safety except in flight. I must write to her and tell her something of our beloved Lincoln and the army which he controls. (ALBERT *enters at left.*) O, Albert, I am so glad you have come in just now. I have here a letter from Cousin Bessie; she is at grandfather's here in Tennessee.

ALBERT: In Tennessee?

SALLY: Yes, read her letter; she was so afraid of the Yankee soldiers.

ALBERT: And well she might be, the hounds!

SALLY: Hush! (*placing right-hand forefinger to lips*): Albert, do you forget that our father is one of them?

ALBERT (*walking up and down excitedly*): Indeed, I *don't* forget! I think of it every hour, and it is *that* which makes me so furious. How can he accept those low-down Northerners as his associates?

SALLY: Brother, be still! Look at that face! (*Points to Lincoln's portrait.*) He is a Northerner, altho' he was born in Kentucky, and for his sake I love them all.

ALBERT: Then you must hate all your friends and relatives that are fighting against him.

SALLY: No, no, dear brother, I do not. Don't you remember how the grand Lincoln closed his inaugural address? "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone,—"

ALBERT (*interrupting*): There, stop, I will not listen to any more of his stuff.

SALLY (*continuing rapidly*): "All over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." Are those not wonderful words?

ALBERT: Stuff and sentimentalism, that's what they are!

SALLY: O, Albert, how can you talk so? Think of it! Today is his birthday; today you should delight to honor him.

ALBERT: His birthday! Who cares?

SALLY: Everyone should give thanks for this day.

ALBERT (*laughing*): What nonsense you talk, Sally Caroline.

SALLY: Well, you will see. The time will come when the Country will celebrate his birthday just as they now do Washington's.

ALBERT: O, come now, that's too much. It's bad

enough to know that we are to have another four years of his tyranny, without hearing you sing his praises.

SALLY: But, you'll *have* to hear it; the war will soon be over, and he will be proclaimed as the Savior of his Country.

ALBERT: O, stop! The war is not anywhere near over: it is but begun. I'll not listen to this talk any longer. I resent it. I'll not hear any more of Abraham Lincoln. (*Goes up stage in great excitement.*)

SALLY (*excitedly*): Why, Albert! How can you talk so? Why you sound just like a rebel.

ALBERT (*turns and coming to center stands*): And that is just what I am, a rebel! A rebel against the tyranny of Abraham Lincoln.

(SALLY *drops into rocking-chair at left-front; buries her face in her handkerchief and sobs violently.*)

ALBERT (*comes down*): There, there, little sister! don't take on so; surely you have known my sentiments before this.

SALLY (*rising*): O, but you never talked quite so wickedly before. How could you say things like that with his noble, benign face looking straight at you?

ALBERT (*scornfully*): Noble, benign face, indeed! I'll tear it into ribbons. I have put up with this thing long enough. (*He goes toward picture. SALLY runs quickly, intercepts him, and stands in front of picture, placing her arms protectingly across it.*)

ALBERT: Stand aside!

SALLY: Never!

ALBERT (*loudly*): Stand aside, I say!

SALLY: Never!

MRS. MORTIMER (*enters at right*): Children, what in the world are you doing? Albert, was that you speaking like that to your sister? I could hardly believe my ears. (ALBERT *goes to sofa and buries his face in his hands.*)

What in the world are you doing, Sally Caroline? Come and sit down.

SALLY: No, mother, not until Albert promises me that he will not molest this picture.

MRS. MORTIMER: Molest that picture! Why should he? Your father paid ten good dollars of United States money for that picture and I reckon Albert doesn't want to waste money like that. Come here, Albert. (*She sits in rocking-chair at right-front.*) Do come away from that picture, Sally Caroline; how ridiculous you look spread out there. Come away, I say!

SALLY: No, mother; not until Albert promises me that he will not harm this picture.

MRS. MORTIMER: Of course he will not harm it. I can answer for that. Harm a picture which his father loves so well? I cannot imagine my son doing a deed like that. Albert, come to me.

ALBERT (*rising*): Mother, I see that I have no place here. I will get across the line some way this very day, and join the Confederate Army. (*SALLY runs to him.*)

MRS. MORTIMER (*rises*): What! My son fight against the old flag?

SALLY: Albert, Albert; O, you cannot mean it!

ALBERT: Mother, you are a Southern woman; you ought to bid me godspeed.

MRS. MORTIMER: Yes, I am a Southern woman, but I am the descendant of men who helped to bind these States together, and no child of mine shall, with my consent, help to sever them. You shall *not* go, Albert.

ALBERT: Mother, I must! I shall—go. (*Exit at right, running. SALLY and MRS. MORTIMER throw their arms about each other and sink upon the sofa.*)

CURTAIN

Here may be introduced a short drill of the Blue and the Gray if desirable. It would certainly have a pleasing effect and would tend to add variety and spice to the entertainment.

ACT II

FIFE and drum heard playing YANKEE DOODLE, behind scenes. AUNTIE TEMP discovered dusting the furniture.

AUNTIE TEMP: Never seen nuthin' lak dem chilluns. Dat dere Clementina Diana she's jes' nuthin' but a no-'count shif'less niggah eber sence dem Linkum sojas come 'round heah. She found dat ole fife somewha's 'round an' she jes' blow on it all day long (*puffing in her excitement*); cain't get nuthin' else out'n her, an' Gawge Washington Augustus! (*laughing*) golly, he's jes' 's bad, he des poun' de old drum. O, deah, mighty queah times when niggahs jes' tinks dey's got nuthin' to do but stan' 'round and make jig music.

MRS. MORTIMER (*enters at right*): Aunt Temp, those children of yours can make pretty good music. I think we'll have to send them to that new Fisk University, just founded. (*Sits in rocking-chair at right-front.*)

AUNTIE TEMP: Lan' sakes alive, Miss' Em'line! what de wo'd you-all do dat foh? Suah dem chilluns ain't done nuthin' foh to shet dem up in de what ye call it, tentiarity.

MRS. MORTIMER: O, Aunt Temp, I didn't say the *Penitentiary*. I said the *University*; that's where they educate the darkies, you know, and when they are natural musicians like your children, they teach them all the branches of music.

AUNTIE TEMP: What! eddicate de niggahs! I hain't nevah seen no good come o' dat. I'll eddicate that Gawge Washington Augustus to saw wood, and Clementina Diana has jes' nachually *got* to lea'n to make a hoe-cake 's good 's her mammy kin. I cain't see no use o' nuthin' else. Lan' sakes, I reckon what's good enough

for dere ole niggah mammy 's good enough for dem two black niggahs. (*Placing arms akimbo and holding head up proudly.*)

MRS. MORTIMER: But everything's changed now, you know, Aunt Temp: there aren't any slaves any more, and so we must teach you colored people to take care of yourselves.

AUNTIE TEMP: Yes, I know, I yerd lots o' dat kin' o' talk jes' dese yere days, but I reckon I jes' stays right heah wif you-all twell I dies.

CLEMENTINA (*running in from right*): O, mammy, did you-all heah de music?

AUNTIE TEMP: Go 'long ye good-foh-nuthin' shif'less niggah; doan ye see de mist'ess?

CLEMENTINA (*turns and ducks her head and shoulders: a rude imitation of a curtsy*): O, 'scuse me Miss' Em'line. I was jes' plum' crazy ovah dat fife. Golly, but dat's fine!

MRS. MORTIMER: You can play as well as a man, Clementina: come here. (MRS. MORTIMER *takes CLEMENTINA's hand and leads her to Lincoln's picture.*) Do you know who this is?

CLEMENTINA (*looking very serious*): Suah I duz, Miss' Em'line; dis heah (*lays her hand on picture*) is de good Massa Linkum what said to all de people eve'y-wha's, up in the Norf 'n' down in de Souf, dat dere shouldn't nevah no moah be any slaves anywha's. (*Joyfully and enthusiastically*): Golly, but I's glad he done libed.

MRS. MORTIMER (*bowing head sorrowfully and speaking slowly and softly*): Yes, indeed, we are all glad of that: and now you may go, Clementine.

CLEMENTINA (*comes down while MRS. MORTIMER remains looking at picture. CLEMENTINA, when near right exit, turns and runs back to MRS. MORTIMER*): O, I say,

Miss' Em'line, de good Marsa Linkum done gone dead now, an' won't dey take us all back foh slaves ag'in?

MRS. MORTIMER (*coming down*): No, you poor child, don't be afraid, slavery is done with forever and forever. No one can ever undo the work of Abraham Lincoln.

CLEMENTINA: Golly! I's glad o' dat. Bress de Lawd foh Abraham Linkum. (*Dances a few steps and then exits at right, running.*)

AUNTIE TEMP: She hain't got no sense Miss' Em'line, so you-all mus' jes' nachually fohgive her foh jes' foh-gettin' 'bout what all dis yere wah cost you-all. (*Bowing head and speaking softly and sadly.*) But I knows, I knows, Miss' Em'line, an' I's powe'ful sorry foh you-all. (*Exit at right, head still bowed.*)

MRS. MORTIMER (*sits in rocking-chair at right-front*): Yes, the cost has been great (*speaking slowly and weighing each word carefully*), O, how great! and our noble leader who said he now longed only to bind up the Nation's wounds has been taken from us. How will it be now, I wonder? They tell me the war is over. Lee has surrendered—but where, O where (*rises and walks up and down*) are my poor husband and our boy? It has been long since I have had a letter from either. Perhaps they have both died fighting for the cause in which each believed. Poor, misguided Albert! how could he ever have gone against the flag of his forefathers? (*Exit at left.*)

GEORGE (*enters at right*): Dat air Clementina Diana's jes' too much for my institution. She dinks 'case Miss' Em'line told her she done play de fife's good as a man dat she's de bigges' pickanninny on dis yere plantation. But I'll show her she cain't come none o' her friskom-fa'ication ovah Gawge Washington Augustus. Dis yere niggah ain't no slave no moah, an' he's gwine show dat li'l niggah gal what's what. (*Fife behind scenes.*) Dah she's at it ag'in. (*Enter CLEMENTINA at right, running and waving fife in air and shouting, Hurrah!*) What's

de matta, you crazy niggah gal? Ye des done gone out o' yore senses (*runs to her and shakes her*).

CLEMENTINA: Git yore dwum, Gawge Washington 'Gustus, and come on wif me: de marsa's a-comin'!

GEORGE: O, go 'long wif yore crazy talk, de massa's done gone de'd befoh dis yere. Ye s'pose he lib an' not sen' a perscripshun to de mist'ess befoh dis yere? No, dem mis'able reb bullets get him foh dis yere. I knows. (*Pointing finger at her*): Go 'long wid ye now! (*Goes up stage.*)

CLEMENTINA: Now, doan ye be so sma't, Gawge Washington 'Gustus; he's comin' foh suah—I seed 'im.

GEORGE (*comes down quickly*): Seed 'im? Ya mis'able good-foh-nuthin' lyin' niggah gal, how could ye seed 'im?

CLEMENTINA (*slowly and solemnly*): I seed a tramp comin' 'way obah de fields. I kin'a sca'd an' 'spishus. I tak Miss' Em'line's spy-glass and I looked and I seed 'twas marsa. (*Dances a few steps, singing, "Marsa's come." They both run out at right. Fife and drum is heard, playing YANKEE DOODLE behind scenes.*)

MRS. MORTIMER (*with SALLY, run in at left*): I was sure I heard Clem's voice singing, "Marsa come," but there's no one here. O, why did she do it? (*Drops into rocking-chair at left-front. SALLY runs to her.*) It was wicked of her to do a thing like that. And that dreadful tune! Sally Caroline, I think you'll have to go out and make them keep still. (*Music grows fainter.*)

SALLY: Never mind, mother dear, they are going away now. They'll soon be out of hearing. I'll see what they are about. (*Exits at right.*)

MRS. MORTIMER: I never, never, want to hear that tune again. I shall always associate it with this bitter disappointment. O, I was so sure my poor husband had come. I wonder what made the child think of singing that? But, then, she is only a child; she cannot understand (*buries her face in handkerchief and sobs*).

AUNTIE TEMP (*enters at left and goes to side of Mrs. Mortimer*): O, now, Miss' Em'line! Doan, honey, doan do dat, pore soul. Yore ole mammy knows jes' how't feels—come, now, obah heah on de sofi, an' hab a good rest. (*Puts arms about her and leads her to sofa, putting pillow under her head, etc., while talking to her.*) Dere, dere, honey, doan ye feel bad any moah. We-all tak de bes' caah of ye an' make ye des's happy as we kin. Des tink, Miss' Em'line, dere's Miss Sally Car'line, de lubliest angel anybuddy eber seed; she done tak des de bes' caah of ye, so des chirk up, chirk up, Miss' Em'line. Come, now, honey, tu'n obah an' go a-sleep, yore ole mammy covah ye up.

MRS. MORTIMER: And, Auntie Temp, don't ever let those children play Yankee Doodle around the house again.

AUNTIE TEMP: Dat I won't, honey, I'll go this minnit an' see 'bout it. (*Comes down stage. SALLY enters at right. They meet at right-front.*)

SALLY (*in excited undertone*): Auntie Temp, what do you think? (*Catches her by the arm and dances and jumps around in glee.*) Father is coming across the field from the west! Your children have gone to meet him. And as I was looking around, I saw another figure coming slowly from the south. I took the glass, which was lying on the porch, and it is Albert!

AUNTIE TEMP (*excitedly*): Laws honey, ye doan mean it?

SALLY: Hush! I am afraid the excitement will be too much for mother. O, what shall we do? They may come rushing in any minute. (*Fife and drum heard. Mrs. Mortimer groans.*)

AUNTIE TEMP: See to yore pore ma, Miss Sally Car'line, I got ter make dem niggahs shet up. (*Exit at right Music ceases in a moment.*)

MRS. MORTIMER (*sitting up*): O, good Auntie Temp!

What a comfort she is to me; she promised to make those children stop that tune and she has done it. (*Sighs.*)

SALLY (*kneeling beside her*): But, mother dear, wouldn't you like to hear the fife and drum playing Yankee Doodle if it was played for joy?

MRS. MORTIMER (*jumping up*): For joy? What can you mean, Sally Caroline?

SALLY (*rising and throwing arms about MRS. MORTIMER*): Don't get excited. It means, dearest mother, that you are to be happy again.

MRS. MORTIMER: O, Sally Caroline, don't deceive me! Do you mean——

SALLY (*interrupting*): Yes, yes, it means that they (*leads her slowly toward right exit*) are both coming across the fields: one from the west and one from the south, and, even now, they may be in the door-yard. (*MRS. MORTIMER hurries.*) There, there, dear, do not overtax your strength. Remember, too, they are much changed, and you mustn't give 'way when you meet them. (*Exeunt at right.*)

CLEMENTINA (*enters at right, waving fife, followed by GEORGE, carrying drum*): Golly, wa'n't that fine? Seems lak I cu'd jes' dance mah feet off.

GEORGE: Well, ye jes' keep still, ye good-foh-nuthin' niggah gal. Nebah seed sich a crazy gal nowahs. Dere, dey's comin' now, ye better go hide.

(*CLEMENTINA runs up and stands behind Lincoln's portrait so that only her face is visible. MRS. MORTIMER, MR. MORTIMER and ALBERT enter at right. MRS. MORTIMER is between the two and their arms are linked. SALLY follows closely behind, and AUNTIE TEMP, who is behind the others, goes to GEORGE and stands beside him.*)

MRS. MORTIMER: It seems too good to be true that I have *both* my dear ones at home again.

ALBERT (*breaks away from his mother and runs to Lincoln's portrait, laying his hand upon it*): And,

mother, I am cured of my folly. I have seen him, and I am glad the old flag was victorious.

ALL (*excitedly*): Have *seen* him?

SALLY: O, tell us about him!

ALBERT (*coming down*): *It was at Richmond. I had been taken prisoner with two other young fellows. We were shut up in an old store. The President came there with some of his friends and just a few of his sailors. He passed the store and saw us staring from the window. O, the look that came over his face I can never describe, as he called out: "Break in that door and let those boys go home to their mothers." In a second we were free.

AUNTIE TEMP: De Lawd bress him!

ALBERT: And, mother, when I stood face to face with him I saw that not half had been told me of his goodness and his greatness. And when I heard of his death a day or two ago, as I was begging my way across the country, to get home, I wept like a child. I knew then, as others will know later, that this was the end of life for the greatest American this country ever had.

AUNTIE TEMP: De Lawd save us! I's mighty scar'd o' what 'comes of us pore niggahs now.

SALLY (*going to AUNTIE TEMP and putting hand on her shoulder*): You have nothing to fear from this time forth, Auntie Temp. Although Abraham Lincoln is dead, his *spirit* will live *forever* in the land.

ALBERT (*comes to front-center*): Yes, and he has taught the American Nation, in his own immortal words, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

CURTAIN

* This incident is purely fictitious and is given only as what might have happened, being quite in keeping with Lincoln's character.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

RECOMMENDED BY THE NEW YORK DEPARTMENT OF
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

1. SALUTE TO THE FLAG.....SCHOOL
 At a signal from the principal the pupils in ordered ranks, hands to the side, face the flag. At another signal every pupil gives the flag the military salute as follows: The right hand lifted, palm downward, the forefinger touching the forehead above the eye. Standing thus all repeat slowly: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." At the words "to my flag," the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward towards the flag, and remains in this gesture till the end of the affirmation, whereupon all hands immediately drop to the side. Where a silent salute is given, the flag is borne between the standing lines or in front of a single line, and the hands remain at salute until the flag-bearer reaches the center of the room, when, at a given signal, every hand is dropped.
2. SONG—RED, WHITE AND BLUE.....SCHOOL
3. LINCOLN DAY: Its observance a privilege for ourselves and a duty to the young people of the country.....READING
4. DECLAMATION—SelectedPUPIL
5. SONG—STAR-SPANGLED BANNER...PUPIL OR SCHOOL
6. QUOTATIONS from the sayings of Abraham Lincoln and his eulogists.....BY PUPILS
 rising in their places and repeating.
7. LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.....PUPIL
8. ESSAY ON LINCOLN.....PUPIL
9. SONGSCHOOL
10. TABLEAUX OR GROUPING representing some historical event in the life of Lincoln.....GROUP
11. LINCOLN AS A MODEL FOR THE YOUTH OF THE NATIONREADING
12. SONG—BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC...SCHOOL
13. BRIEF ADDRESSES by.....VISITING VETERANS
 and other invited guests.
14. SONG—AMERICA.....SCHOOL AND VISITORS

DRILLS, PANTOMIMES, TABLEAUX

OLD GLORY

MARIE IRISH

A PRIMARY FLAG DRILL FOR FIVE LITTLE GIRLS AND FIVE LITTLE BOYS

COSTUMES: Each child carries a flag of fairly good size and wears a soldier cap. The caps are made of red, white and blue tissue paper and should be provided with an elastic cord that passes under the chin to hold them in place. Children also wear on each shoulder an epaulet, made of strips of cambric, an inch wide, one white, one red and one blue, sewed up in a cluster.

MUSIC: A patriotic march.

CHILDREN enter in two files, the boys coming on at the right corner of front of stage and the girls at the left corner of front. The boys march up the right side, across back and down the left side of stage, while the girls at the same time pass up the left side, across back and down the right side of stage. On reaching the corners of front the two lines pass diagonally to center of back, first boy and first girl form a couple, each two on reaching center of back do the same, and the couples march down the center of stage to the front. During the opening march the flag is held in right hand, resting against right side, but on forming couples each couple raises flags and holds them high, staffs crossed. At the front the boys turn to right, girls to left, pass to corners of front, up sides and on reaching the back they form two lines across back of stage, girls on front line with boys back of them. Mark time, then march—five abreast—down to near-front of stage, where the lines halt, and as they do so they stand far

enough apart to allow a person to pass between them. During this march the flags have been held again at right side, but now each one holds flag high. The boy nearest left of stage now leads the boys along the line of girls, going in front of the first one, back of the second, in front of the third, back of the fourth, etc. Boys return to places and halt, then girl nearest the right of stage leads the line of girls along the line of boys, going behind the first boy, in front of second, back of third, etc. The girls return to places and halt, then all hold flags with staff standing upright and resting on left shoulder. All speak:

In times of peace dear Old Glory doth wave
O'er homes and schools in this land of the brave;
(Hold flags out in front of bodies, staffs perpendicular.)

In times of trouble it stands for the Right,
And says that Justice is greater than might;
(Raise flags and wave them above heads.)

In times of battle, its colors so bright
Lead on to Victory, though fierce be the fight.

With flags held at right sides the girls now pass up the right side of stage while boys pass up the left side. At center of back form couples, raise flags and cross staffs, march in couples down center of stage to front. At front the first couple halts, second couple goes to right of first and halts in line, third couple to left of first, fourth couple to right of second, fifth to left of third. If stage is large enough let them stand in straight line across front, otherwise they can stand in curved line. The children now speak, one at a time. Each one holds the flag in position at right side until he or she speaks.

FIRST CHILD (holding flag extended, arm's length at right side):

One little flag says children must be true;

SECOND CHILD (holding staff of flag horizontal along left shoulder, flag hanging down lengthwise at left side; first child now holds flag in same way):

Two flags say that we must be honest, too.

THIRD CHILD (holding staff of flag diagonally across chest, flag on left shoulder; first and second children hold flags the same) :

Three flags say boys and girls must upright live ;

FOURTH CHILD (staff of flag perpendicular and resting on left shoulder; first three hold flags the same) :

Four flags say, "Be unselfish when you give".

FIFTH CHILD (holding flag in left hand, extended at left side; first four hold flags the same) :

Five flags teach us, "Let Justice be your song";

SIXTH CHILD (holding flag same as No. 2, but on right shoulder; first five children holding flags the same) :

Six flags say we must grow up brave and strong.

SEVENTH CHILD (holding flag as No. 3, but on right shoulder; first six the same) :

Seven flags say, "Be loyal to the Right";

EIGHTH CHILD (holding flag as No. 4, but on right shoulder, while first seven hold flags the same) :

Eight flags say, "Love your home with all your might".

NINTH CHILD (holding flag out in front of body, staff perpendicular; first eight hold flags the same) :

Nine flags say, "Do not idle time away";

TENTH CHILD (raising flag and holding it a little to the right side of body; first nine hold flags the same) :

Ten flags say we must study hard each day,

ALL (in concert, waving flags above heads) :

So we may grow up wise,

An honor to our land;

Fit subjects of Old Glory,

Our starry banner grand.

The center couple now marches down to center of front, couple to its right follows, couple to left of first comes next, the couple to right of second, and fifth couple last. All march, in couples, to corner of right of stage, up right side, across to center of back, down center of stage to front, across to left corner of front and off stage.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

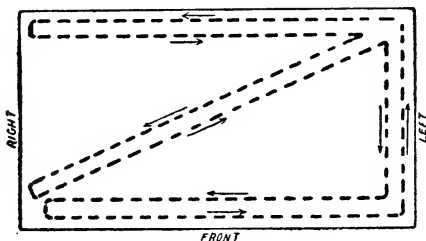
MARIE IRISH

A FLAG SALUTE, MARCH AND DRILL FOR ELEVEN INTER-MEDIATE GRADE CHILDREN

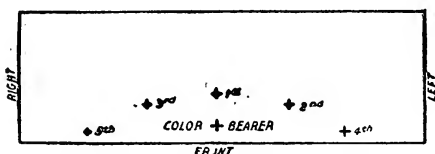
ONE BOY carries a flag considerably larger than the other ten carry. This boy we will call the Color-bearer. This march may be given by eleven boys or by six boys and five girls.

MUSIC: A patriotic march.

THE children enter in single file at left corner of the line, then, if girls take part, a girl next, then a boy, etc. File marches across back of stage, back again to left side, diagonally to right corner of front, back to left corner of back, down left side, across front of stage, back to left corner and up left side, thus:



Then from left corner of back pass to center of back, down center of stage to front, where Color-bearer turns to right, first girl to left, next boy to right, next girl to left, etc. Pass to corners of front, up sides of stage, across to center of back, where the Color-bearer remains standing, while the next boy and first girl form a couple, each two do the same, couples march down stage till first couple is near front. Halt, couples face each other, standing about three feet apart. The Color-bearer now passes down between the two lines and halts at front of stage, facing audience. The couple nearest back of stage now marches down between lines, goes to right and halts, next couple comes down and goes to left, etc., thus:



The file stands in curved line back of Color-bearer. Music changes to STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. The children in the line stand with flags held at right side, as during the march, till the music gets to "Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner still wave," when they raise flags and wave them slowly, till close of music. The piece is played through once and then music ceases, the Color-bearer raises his flag, holding it quite high. The others take flags in left hands and hold at left sides. When the large flag is raised they all say:

I pledge my head, (*touch head with right hand*) my heart, (*lay hand over heart*) and my hand, (*raise right hand*)

To loyally serve my native land; (*drop hand at side*)

I pledge my power, my honor, and my might (*step forward with right foot*)

To keep my country's name forever bright. (*Step back in line.*)

I pledge the zeal and strength of this right hand (*raise right hand*)

To keep Old Glory floating o'er our land. (*Point to flag.*)

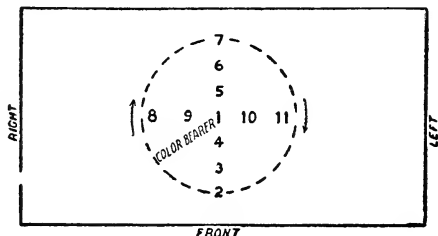
The flags are now held in right hands, out in front of bodies :

A flag for the sailor, skimming the sea,
A flag for the soldier, guarding the lea,
A flag for the patriot, proud to be free,
A flag for YOU, (*flags extended to audience*) and a flag for ME! (*At this flags are laid lovingly across chests and held with both hands.*)

Flags are now waved above heads and the line exclaims :

"America forever! (*flags held out at right*) one nation (*flags out at left*) one country, (*step forward and hold flags high, pointing toward audience*) one flag!"

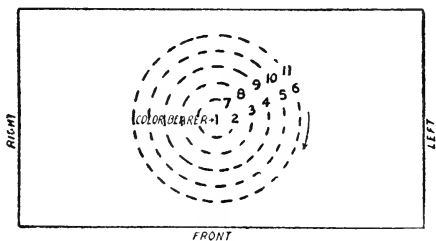
Step back in line and hold flags at right sides while the chorus of COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN, is played softly. At the conclusion of that the music changes to a march. The Color-bearer leads and the others fall in line back of him in the same order as on entering the stage at beginning, passing in single file to right corner of front, up right side, across back, half way down left side, then across stage. The last four children halt in line, the others pass up right side, across to center of back and down center of stage. The Color-bearer halts in center, the others take places and stand thus :



Nos. 8 and 9 face back of stage; 5, 6 and 7 face left; 10 and 11 face front; 2, 3 and 4 face right; then lines march once around, No. 1 (Color-bearer) standing as the pivot on which others turn. Keep lines perfectly straight while marching, those on outside going faster to preserve perfect movement. After rotating once, halt. Color-bearer raises flag high, others raise flags and repeat:

I pledge allegiance to my flag—the best in any land,
And to the Republic for which this flag doth stand;
One nation, indivisible, the pride of great and small,
One flag, emblem of Liberty and Justice for us all.

Color-bearer then marches to front of line, in front of No. 2, leads to right of stage, all following in order, up to back, across to center of back, down to center, where lines form thus:



Lines march around, describing circle, those on outside a large one and others smaller, then Color-bearer takes position at back of stage, the others form two lines of five each, across stage. Color-bearer gives following orders, in sharp, quick tones:

Order, flag! Rest flag on floor at right side, holding with right hand.

Carry, flag! Raise flag and hold in right hand, staff nearly vertical, top resting against right shoulder, arm straight at side.

Present, flag! Move flag to center of body, top in front of face, grasp staff with left hand, also.

Left shoulder, flag! Flag placed on left shoulder.

Right shoulder, flag! Flag placed on right shoulder.

Carry, flag! As before.

Port, flag! Grasp staff a little below center, hold diagonally across chest, upper end resting on left shoulder.

Carry, flag! As before.

Parade, rest! Right foot six inches to rear, left knee slightly bent, rest flag staff on floor in front of center of body and grasp it at top with both hands.

Carry, flag! As before.

Surrender, flag! Lay flag on floor in front of body.

Recover, flag! Bend forward, pick up flag, hold it in front of body, staff horizontal.

Carry, flag! As before.

Fix, flag! Kneel on right knee and stand staff of flag upon left knee, staff vertical.

Triumph, flag! Stand, wave flag high above head.

Color-bearer now marches down center of stage to front, members fall in line back of him in same order as on entering at beginning. At right corner of front second boy steps up by first girl, third boy by second girl, etc. Form couples, Color-bearer marching alone at head. Pass up right side, across to center of back, down center of stage, across to left corner front, up left side and off stage.

CIVIL WAR DAUGHTERS

MARIE IRISH

MARCH, SONG AND DRILL FOR TWELVE GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE OR GRAMMAR GRADES

COSTUMES: Four girls wear red dresses, four wear white and four blue. Each girl wears two streamers, about nine inches wide

and a yard to a yard and a quarter long, depending on the size of the girl, pinned on left of chest, thus:



The girls in white wear one red and one blue streamer, those in red wear a blue and a white streamer, while those in blue wear a red and a white one. A bow in the hair, of the same colors as the streamers, is also pretty.

MARCH AND SONG

MUSIC: A march.

GIRLS enter at back of stage, in single file, reds first, then those in white and lastly the blues, one streamer held in each hand, arms hanging at full length at sides. March once around stage in a circle, then on reaching center of back come down center of stage to front, where first girl goes to right, second to left, etc., pass to corners of front, up sides, across to center of back, form couples and march down center of stage in couples.

At front first couple turns to right, second to left, third

to right, etc., go to corners of front, up sides, across to back, form fours and march down center to front. As they reach the front in lines of four each, the three girls nearest the right of stage—a red, a white and a blue—pass to the right. As the girl in blue comes to front before turning, the next three—a red, a white and a blue—follow her. At the same time the three nearest the left of stage pass to left corner and the next three follow them. This makes two files of Red, White and Blue, one from either side, which pass to corners of front, up sides, then those passing up left side on reaching corner of back march in a diagonal line to right corner of front, while the others pass from right corner of back to left corner of front. As the lines cross at center of stage first girl from right goes in front of first girl from the left, then second girl from right in front of second girl from left, and so on. Each line crosses front of stage to opposite corner, those from the right corner keeping to the right of the other line as the files pass. March up sides of stage, then across to center of back, where the first three on the line that marched up right side form the first row, the first three on the line from the left side form the second row, second three from the right form the third row and the others the fourth row, and they march down center of stage three abreast, in the following order: B, W, R, leading; R, W, B; B, W, R; R, W, B. On reaching front of stage the three of first row pass toward left corner, second row passes toward right corner, next three follow the first row toward left and last row follows second row to right. They stand in curved line at front, thus:

R W B R W B B W R B W R

Music now charges to COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN and the girls sing the following verses. On opening line of each stanza girls bow low, and during

chorus they all join hands, extending them to the front and swinging streamers from side to side.

Oh, we are the Civil War Daughters,
With hearts that are loving and true;
From Maine to Pacific's blue waters,
We honor the soldiers in blue.
We sing of their danger and suff'ring,
We sing of their courage and might,
When to save their flag from destruction,
These boys stood so firm for the right.

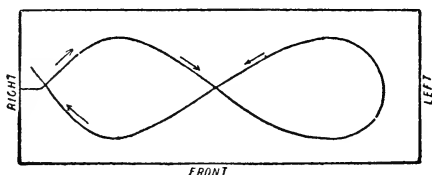
Chorus: Three cheers for the soldier in blue,
Three cheers for his loyalty true;
Let us honor his name with ovation,
And give to the soldier his due.

Oh, we are the Civil War Daughters,
We sing of the March to the Sea;
And we sing of Vicks'burg's close quarters,
Of Shiloh where blood flowed so free.
Though years have gone by since that conflict,
And the soldiers are passing away,
We hold them in loving remembrance:
True Blue—once partly loyal Gray.

Chorus: Three cheers for the soldier, etc.

March music is resumed, those nearest left of stage face left, the other six face the right of stage, lines march to right and left corners of front, up sides of stage, from corners of back in diagonal lines to center of front, where lines cross, first girl from the right going ahead of first girl from the left, second from the right goes ahead of second from left, etc. Pass to corners of front, up sides, stop in lines six abreast along sides of stage, those on left facing right of stage and vice versa. Mark time, then march six abreast to center, halt, couples facing each other.

Raise hands holding streamers high, fingers of each couple touching. Stand thus for several measures of music, then those of the right-hand line march to front, the other line standing until the last one of the right line reaches front of stage, when the first one of the left-hand line leads that line to front and they follow the first six, making a single file which passes to right corner of stage, up to center of right, whence the line marches thus:



Where they cross at center of stage No. 1 goes in front of No. 7, No. 2 in front of No. 8, etc. On returning to center of right side the file passes up to right corner of back, then across back of stage, forming in two lines of six each at center-back, march six abreast down to near-front and halt in lines for the drill.

DRILL AND SONG

Grasp streamers where hands touch them when arms hang full length, raise hands holding streamers and place on center of breast.

A. Right hand out at side, arm's length, and back, four times.

B. Left hand out at side, and back, four times.

C. Both hands at sides, and back, four times.

D. Right hand upward and outward, arm's length, and back, four times.

E. Left hand, same movement, and back, four times.

F. Both hands up, forming V, and back, four times.

G. Right hand down at side, arm's length, and back, four times.

H. Left hand down at side, and back, four times.

I. Both hands down at sides, and back, four times.

J. Right hand straight out in front of body, and back, four times.

K. Left hand in front of body, and back, four times.

L. Both hands in front of body, and back, four times.

M. Both hands on hips, down at sides and back to hips, four times.

N. Raise right hand above right shoulder and hold left hand down and out from side till streamers are stretched tight, then lower the right hand and raise the left, reversing position of streamers, four times.

O. With hands at center of breast raise right hand straight up from shoulder and left down, arm's length at side, and back, four times, then left hand up above shoulder and right hand down, and back, four times.

P. Hands meet above head, arms curved, ends of streamers hanging back of head, and back, four times.

Q. All kneel on left knee, raise both hands up, arm's length, girls on first line touching hands together, back line the same, hold position for several measures, then rise and sing, to tune of YANKEE DOODLE:

We are the Civil War Daughters,
We're brave as all creation;
And though we've never been to war,
We stand up for our nation.

While singing the chorus those of each line join hands, holding them just a little higher than shoulders, then step out with right foot and bring it back to place, once for each measure of music.

Chorus: Honor to the soldier's name!
Sing the wond'rous story
Of the splendid fight he made
When led on by Old Glory.

Our grandsires fought in that great war,
Fathers, and uncles, too, sir,
And that's the very reason why
We love Red, White and Blue, sir.

Chorus: Honor to the soldier's name, etc.

At close of song the march music is resumed, those on front line pass to right corner, others follow, all pass up right side of stage, in single file. From right corner of back the leader takes file around stage in a large circle, then a smaller circle, etc., until smallest circle possible for girls to march around is reached, thus:



When all are in a circle at center of stage, they raise hands on inside of circle and point upward towards center, hands touching, holding streamers. March once around this way, then all turn and march in opposite direction, once around in circle, raising the outside hands, and holding streamers high. Then all turn and march in opposite direction once around circle, this time raising both hands up until fingers meet above head, lowering to side, raising again, etc. Then those in red march to left corner of front of stage, those in blue to right corner of front, while those in white come down center to front. Those in red pass across front to right corner as those in blue pass to left corner. Those in white wait at front of stage and as the reds and blues cross front two girls in white follow the reds, the other two follow the blues, the two lines pass up sides of stage and off at back.

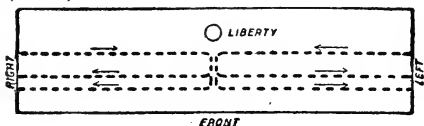
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK

MARIE IRISH

A DRILL AND MEDLEY FOR FROM TWENTY TO FORTY CHILDREN OF VARIOUS GRADES

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES: The part of Goddess of Liberty should be taken by a young lady with strong voice who recites well. She should dress in white, hair flowing, gilt crown, drapery of red-white-and-blue, and carry a flag. If desired this part may be taken by a boy dressed in patriotic costume to represent Uncle Sam. Or a good effect is obtained by having both take part, Liberty and Uncle Sam taking turns in reciting. If possible to obtain so many, have twelve little girls take part in the Call of the Flag march. These girls should be dressed in white with patriotic sashes or red-white-and-blue streamers on left shoulder, and all carry flags. The Response of the Soldier march is given by twelve boys of various sizes, wearing dark suits, one of whom carries a drum and the others carry guns. If desired some of the same boys may take part in this who take part in the Blue and Gray drill. The latter drill is given by at least sixteen boys, grammar grade, eight of whom dress in blue and eight in gray. One of the boys in blue carries a U. S. flag, and one of those in gray carries a Confederate flag; the rest carry guns.

TO THE strains of YANKEE DOODLE the Goddess of Liberty comes onto stage, marches down left side, from left corner front in a diagonal line to center of back, down to right corner front, up right side, across to center of back and halts. Music ceases and the little "flag girls" march in, half from each side of stage, half way between Liberty and front of stage. The files pass across stage and off at opposite sides, turn and march on again, meet at center of stage, form couples, first couple turns and passes off at right side, second couple at left side, etc., thus:



The flag is carried in right hand, arm hanging at side, flag resting against right shoulder. While this march is being given as silently as possible, Liberty recites in strong, clear voice and a great deal of feeling the following medley:

THE CALL OF THE FLAG

“Speed our Republic, O Father on high!
 Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
 Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
 Girdle with virtue the armor of might.”

“No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the
 grave:
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth
 wave
 O’er the land of the free, and the home of the
 brave.”

“‘A song for our banner?’ The watchword recall
 Which gave the Republic her station:
 ‘United we stand—divided we fall’;
 It made and preserves us a nation.”

“Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the Nation’s cry—
 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!”

The girls’ march should be arranged to close about the time Liberty finishes speaking. One verse and chorus of MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA is then played and as music ceases the small boys come on and march in the

same way as the girls did, the drummer boy beating time softly, occasionally. While the boys march Liberty speaks:

THE RESPONSE OF THE SOLDIER

"WAR! WAR! *war!* Heaven aid the right!
God move the hero's arm in the fearful fight!
God send the women sleep in the long, long night."

"Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,
Poured on the turf where the red rose should
bloom.
Now is the day and the hour of salvation;
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!"

"Lay down the axe, fling by the spade,
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours are fitter now:

"And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field."

"And how can a man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temple of his gods?"

As Liberty concludes the lines and the boys march off, one verse and chorus of COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN, is played, then music changed to a patriotic march and the boys in Blue and Gray march on in two companies. Grays come on at front corner of right and Blues at front corner of left, march up sides of stage, across to near-center of back, down to front of stage,

to corners, up sides and at corners of back second boy in each line steps up by first, fourth by third, etc., and form double files. March to near-center of stage, down center to front, up sides, and at corners of back each company forms fours, march half way down stage and halt in lines of four each, thus:

LIBERTY

G	G	G	G	B	B	B	B
G	G	G	G	B	B	B	B

Music stops and Liberty recites:

THE CONTEST

1. "And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
2. The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
3. Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
4. And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."
5. "By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
6. Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
7. And furious every charger neighed,
8. To join the dreadful revelry.
9. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
10. Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
11. And louder than the bolts of heaven
12. Far flashed the red artillery."
13. "Hark! Hark! there go the well-known crashing vol-
leys, the long-continued roar
14. That swells and falls but never ceases wholly, until
the fight is o'er.
15. Up toward the crystal gates of heaven ascending,
the mortal tempests beat,
16. As if they sought to try their cause together, before
God's very feet."
17. "Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;

Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown."

The above lines are recited rather rapidly until number 17 is reached, the last four being given slowly and sadly. When marching in the boys hold guns in right hand, arm full length at side, gun resting against right shoulder. While Liberty recites the boys go through following movements, corresponding to the numbers of the lines of the medley: 1. Salute, by raising left hand until the forefinger touches forehead above left eye, thumb and fingers extended, palm to right. Drop arm at side. 2. Lines of Grays face left of stage, and Blues face the right. 3 and 4. All mark time as if marching rapidly. 5. Rest butt of gun on floor, arms hanging naturally at sides, right hand holding the barrel between thumb and fingers. 6. Raise gun and move to position in front of body, barrel in front of face, hold with both hands, left above the right. 7. Hold gun diagonally across chest, barrel resting on left shoulder and butt against right thigh. 8. Blues take steady aim at Grays, and vice versa. 9. Arrange for some noise at side of stage to represent firing. 10 and 11. Blues kneel and aim at Grays, and vice versa. 12. More "booming" behind scenes. 13. Rise and each company retreats backward a step, holding guns at right sides. 14. Come forward toward center, quickly, and aim. 15. Rest guns. 16. Bring guns to position and mark time as if marching rapidly. 17. Each company faces front of stage, stack guns in lots of four each and then sit on floor in lines of four, facing front of stage. Music is resumed and JOHN BROWN'S BODY is played through once, then Liberty steps forward to front of stage and recites:

"The sun had sunk into the distant west;
The cannon ceased to roar, which tell of rest—
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

“ ’Twas early spring, and calm and still the night ;
 The moon had risen casting silvery light ;
 On either side of stream the armies lay
 Waiting for morn to renew the fray.

“The Rappahannock silently flowed on,
 Between the hills so fair to look upon ;
 Whose dancing waters tingled with silvery light,
 Vied in their beauty with the starry night.

“But list ! from northern hills there steal along
 The softest strains of music and of song——”

A good effect is obtained by turning off lights during the music of JOHN BROWN’S BODY so stage is dim during the speaking and the singing. As Liberty pauses the Boys in Blue sing a stanza of THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. When they finish, the Boys in Gray sing a stanza of DIXIE LAND. It is a good plan to have a chorus of voices behind the scenes help with the singing of both songs, to give more force to them. As last song is finished lights are turned on, Liberty resumes her place at back of stage, boys rise, leave guns, Boy in Gray leaves his Confederate flag, all march to near-front of stage and form across in two lines of eight each, thus :

G	B	G	B	G	B	G	B
B	G	B	G	B	G	B	G

The little girls in white who carried flags now march in and stand in a row back of the boys, Liberty stands just back of the line of girls.

Liberty recites :

“The fiercest agonies have the shortest reign,
 And after dreams of horror comes again
 The welcome morning with its rays of peace.”

The little girls recite in concert :

“Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War’s great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.”

All the boys recite together :

“The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever.”

Liberty waves her flag, the girls with flags wave them above the heads of the Boys in Blue and Gray, each boy in blue joins right hand with a boy in gray, and everyone sings the first stanza of MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE. Colored light may be thrown upon the scene for a tableau and then the curtain dropped, or Liberty may come to front of stage, lead the boys (who follow in single file), and then the little girls last, once around the stage and then off.

PATRIOTIC SONG PANTOMIMES

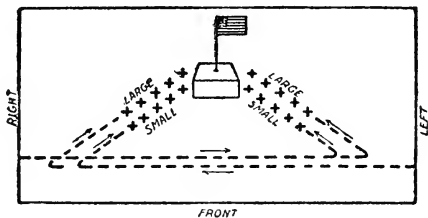
MARIE IRISH

The Star-Spangled Banner

HANG back of stage with dark cloth, cover a box with dark material and to back or center of it fasten a large flag. Let the box stand four feet from wall so as to leave room to pass behind it.

If possible have ten girls of good size, ten small girls and ten boys take part, though this number may be reduced if necessary. All the girls dress in white with trimmings of red, white and blue and each carries a flag.

As the music of STAR-SPANGLED BANNER begins the large girls march on in two lines, half coming from right and half from left. After them come the small girls, half from each side, all march and take places thus :



They stand motionless, with flags at right side until music reaches words, "Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner still wave," then all raise flags and wave them. As music of second stanza begins, the girls hold flags again at sides, and the boys march in, each one carrying an air-gun or rifle. They come on stage, half from right and half from left, marching slowly and carefully. As the boys get nearly to center of stage each girl quickly raises her flag, takes aim with it as though it were a gun, pointing it at line of boys. The boys stop as if in fear, then pass quickly from stage, those from the right going off at left, and those from left going off at right. Then as the music reaches the refrain, sing the words of third stanza instead of second, the boys helping behind scenes and all singing with spirit, "And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," the girls waving their flags. A fine effect may be obtained by burning colored light* during the singing.

* The colored light referred to is what is known as Tableaux Light. It is put up in quarter-pound cans, each of one color, in Red, Green, Blue, Gold, and White. It may be had from the publishers of this book for per can, 30 cents; two for 55 cents; or four for \$1.00; pre-paid.

America

HANG back of stage with dark cloth, also cover with dark material a box that stands at center of back of stage. On this box, as curtain is drawn, stands a young lady dressed as Columbia, wearing white gown, drapery of red, white and blue bunting, and gilt crown on head. She holds in one hand a large flag and in the other six streamers made of cambric: two white, two red, and two blue, three or four inches wide and nearly two yards long. On either side of Columbia stand three girls, dressed in white and wearing sashes of red, white and blue, tied in a bow at side. Columbia holds streamers by one end and each girl holds the end of one. They stand thus:



As music of second stanza is begun they kneel, taking position as marked by crosses in the diagram. As music of third stanza is begun the girls rise, raise hands holding streamers, point upward, and gaze reverently heavenward. All sing very softly the words of stanza, "Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty," etc.

Swanee Ribber

HAVE the words of the song sung by someone behind the scenes, the verse by one person and the chorus by a number of voices. Across the stage hang a curtain, leaving room in front for a person to walk. A young man, or tall boy, comes on stage with face blackened and wig of curled hair (made by sewing curled hair onto a circular piece of black cloth, then running a rubber cord around edge and drawing up to fit head*), wearing stiff hat, common dark suit and a large bright necktie. He stands in front of curtain at right of stage as the words are sung:

“ ‘Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere’s wha’ my heart is turning ebber,
Dere’s wha’ de old folks stay.”

With head bent, hands in pockets and a dejected manner he walks slowly across stage to left and back to center during the words:

“All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation
And for de old folks at home.”

He stands at center of front during singing of chorus:

“All de world am sad and dreary (*hands extended at sides, arm’s length*)
Eb’rywhere I roam; (*hands brought together in front of body*)
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary (*right hand over heart*)
Far from de old folks at home!” (*left hand in pocket, head bowed on right hand, sad, dejected attitude*)

* These wigs may also be purchased, ready for use, from the publishers of this book.

At close of chorus the impersonator goes to right corner of front of stage and stands there during the second stanza. The curtain is now drawn, revealing two little darkey boys, scantily clothed, feet bare, and old hats on heads. They chase each other across back of stage during the words:

“All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung;
When I was playing with my brudder
Happy was I;”

A girl with face blackened, bright cap on head, calico dress, large apron, and bright kerchief around neck comes on stage and one little darkey boy stands on either side of her as the words are sung:

“Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.”

The mother and little boys stand at back of stage during chorus, the young man comes out to near-center and acts chorus as before, except at the words, “Far from de old folks at home!” he turns and extends both arms toward the group at back of stage.

As third stanza is begun the mother and boys pass off and a young colored lady, gaily and gaudily dressed in bright colors, with a large, “much-trimmed” hat, comes on and stands at back of stage. She gazes off to side of stage and a young man, dressed about like one who does the acting, comes on carrying a banjo. She goes to meet him, they walk back to center of back, she sits on a stump of wood (or something to give an outdoor effect), and he sits at her feet and pretends to play the banjo. During the singing of this stanza the impersonator stands as before, at side of stage, but as chorus begins he comes toward center of front and acts as during second singing

of chorus. The mother and two boys come back on and stand, tableau effect, beside the girl and boy with the banjo.

The Blue and the Gray

HANG back of stage with black cloth and fasten on wall, staffs crossed, two good-sized flags. A few feet from the back, with about four feet aisle between them, arrange two graves by using small boxes covered with dark cloth for the mounds and nailing at the head of each a white board for a stone. If it is not desired to have the words sung they may be recited by someone at side of stage. A girl dressed as a woman, all in black, comes on slowly, passes across back of stage from left to right, down right side, up to aisle between two mounds and kneels beside one of them as the stanza is read :

“By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.”

She rises and from a small basket which she carries she places a bouquet on the mound by which she knelt, then turns and places one on the other mound as the words are read :

“From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.”

As stanza is finished she passes to back and stands by flags. Six girls in white, each carrying a small basket of flowers, march on at left back, pass to center, then down aisle between mounds to front; three turn to each side, pass around and stand in two lines of three each, one line on outside of each mound, both lines facing center, while stanza is read:

“So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.”

As the next stanza is begun the girls cover the mounds with flowers, then march back up the aisle between mounds and stand three on each side of girl in black by flags, finally all marching off stage when stanza is finished:

“No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger for ever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.”

—*Francis Miles Finch*

Auld Lang Syne

THIS should be given by two as small children as can act it nicely: a little girl with hair powdered, long dark dress, white kerchief and apron, small black lace cap and spec-

tacles, and a boy with glasses, powdered hair, long trousers, coat fixed by sewing black "swallow tails" onto a short dark coat, a white cravat and a stiff hat. As song begins they sit at a small table on which are cups and saucers and a tea-pot of tea. The girl pours out a cup of tea for each during the words :

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?"

Then as the chorus is sung the boy rises and bows low, then sits and they raise cups, clink them and each takes a drink :

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

They lean forward and appear to be talking during the words of second verse :

"We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne."

During singing of chorus second time the girl rises, makes a courtesy to boy, then sits and they drink as before.

They stand and shake hands during the stanza :

"And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gi'e's a hand o' thine ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

During the chorus each turns to table, takes up cup, both bow, clink cups and drink.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

WORDS are sung by a chorus of voices off stage. At center of stage have a pedestal—box covered with dark cloth will do—on which a girl dressed as Goddess of Liberty stands, holding a large flag. A number of girls in white, each with a small flag, come in and march in circle around Liberty as the words are sung:

“Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.”

Six boys march in and stand three on each side of Liberty, the line of girls standing back of the boys and waving flags during words:

“Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.”

During the chorus the boys stand in line in front of Liberty and the girls march around them, waving flags. Liberty waves flag also.

Half of the boys and half of the girls stand in lines on either side of Liberty and give salute to flag during the words*:

“‘Old Glory,’ to greet now come hither,
With eyes full of love to the brim;
May the wreaths of our heroes ne'er wither,
Nor a star of their banner grow dim.”

* The words in these four lines have been somewhat changed to fit the occasion.

Then during the rest of the third stanza and the chorus the boys stand at back of Liberty, three on either side, and the girls kneel in tableau effect in front of her.

Home, Sweet Home

AT BACK of stage arrange a family group around a small table on which are some flowers and a lamp. The mother is sewing, father reading, a little girl playing with a dolly, and a boy working examples. All look happy and cosy. As curtain is drawn revealing the scene, the first stanza of HOME, SWEET HOME is sung, and a young man in soldier uniform, carrying a gun over shoulder, marches back and forth across front of stage as if on duty, looking sad and lonely.

(If desired, instead of a family group the scene may disclose an elderly lady with bible on her knee.)

TABLEAUX

MARIE IRISH

When I'm a Man

A LITTLE boy wearing a soldier cap, a blue coat much too large for him, a sword buckled at his side, a gun in one hand and a flag in the other, stands in center of stage. As colored light* is thrown on the stage he speaks:

“When I'm a man, a big, tall man,
I'll be a soldier, brave and true,
I will fight my country's battles,
Led on by the Red, White and Blue.”

* See footnote, p. 124.

The Soldier's Farewell

LITTLE boy dressed as in preceding scene stands with a little girl who has on a long dress and hair done on top of head. She stands half turned away from the boy, who has a hand on her shoulder as if trying to comfort her. Her face is buried in her hands and she seems to weep as he recites:

"How can I bear to leave thee?
It breaks my heart to grieve thee,
But now, whate'er befalls me,
I go where duty calls me."

The March of Civilization

A CURTAIN is drawn, revealing at the back of a dimly-lighted stage an Indian tepee with several Indians standing near. A march is played and after several measures the others come onto stage. The line is led by boy dressed as Uncle Sam, who takes position at center of stage in front of tepee. On either side of him stands a soldier, and next to the soldiers stand sailors. The others arrange themselves in line, some on one side and some on other, some sitting on floor in front of line. One, with bible, dresses as minister, one as farmer with large straw hat and rake over shoulder. One as doctor, one as baker, one with tools as carpenter, etc. A girl dresses as nurse; another with gown and mortar-bored cap as a student; one has pen and scroll for writing; and another carries a typewriter, sits on floor with it in front of her and pretends to write on it. When all are in places colored light is thrown on scene and Uncle Sam recites:

"Onward, forward, with steady pace,
Progress leads the American race;
And 'neath her penetrating ray
New wonders come to light each day."

Liberty

A COLORED boy, barefoot and scantily dressed in short trousers and colored shirt, with a white cloth around head for turban, stands fastened to a box with a chain. The box is covered with dark cloth and on it stands girl dressed as Liberty—long white robe, crown, a drapery of red, white and blue, and in her hand a flag. As light is turned on she looks sadly at boy, then waves her flag above him, and the chain which was lightly fastened drops to floor as boy gives it a pull. He looks at fallen chain, then sinks on knees and, raising hands, clasps them and gazes at Liberty as if asking help. Liberty waves flag above him.

Peace

ON A DAIS at back of stage sits boy costumed as Uncle Sam, with a large flag. On one side of him stands Liberty, in white with drapery of red, white and blue, and gilt crown. On other side is Wisdom, wearing white dress with purple mantle fastened on right shoulder, bronze cap with plumes, sandals, and shield and spear by her side. To a side and a little in advance of Liberty stands Truth, all in white and carrying banner with "Truth" printed on it. By Wisdom stands Justice, in blue with scarlet mantle fastened on right shoulder and thrown back over left arm. In her right hand she holds a pair of scales and her left rests on a sword. Kneeling at right corner of dais is Ceres, the goddess of corn and harvests, dressed in yellow trimmed with grain, her left hand on sheaf of wheat, her right holding a horn of grain extended to Uncle Sam. Kneeling at left of dais is Pomona, the goddess of fruits, dressed in red trimmed with vines and clusters of grapes. She holds up to Uncle Sam a basket of fruit. As light is turned on a stanza of AMERICA is played.

Scenes from the Life of Lincoln**I. THE STUDENT**

ARRANGE a fireplace by nailing up boards covered with dark cloth in this shape |——|, piling some wood under it, pouring on some wood alcohol, which is set on fire as curtain is drawn. Lying on the floor studying by light of fire is a tall, dark boy.

II. THE LABORER

A TALL, dark boy in common work clothes, trousers rather short, stands with axe upraised ready to strike.

III. THE EMANCIPATOR

A TALL, dark boy dressed in long black coat and rather ill-fitting clothes, dark hair rumped and pushed back from forehead, sits writing as a rough-looking fellow with whip in one hand tries to pull a little boy, face blackened and poorly clothed, from his negro mother, who clings to child and weeps. A boy marches on stage, carrying large flag and recites:

“No slave beneath that starry flag,
The emblem of the free!
No fettered hand shall wield the brand
That smites for liberty:
No tramp of servile armies
Shall shame Columbia’s shore,
For he who fights for freedom’s rights
Is free for evermore!”

—George L. Taylor

IV. THE PARDONER

Boy dressed as Lincoln stands in center of stage. By his side kneels a young lady, looking imploringly at him, hands raised and clasped. Lincoln shakes head sadly for “no.” Girl bows head on hands and weeps. Lincoln

goes hurriedly to desk, writes, gives her the paper. She kisses his hand, waves farewell and hurries from stage.

V. THE MARTYR

ON AN EASEL at center of stage have a picture of Lincoln, two large flags draped above it and smaller ones around it. On either side of picture stand girls dressed in white trimmed with red, white and blue bunting, each holding a flag. They repeat:

“He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there’s a task to do,
Man’s honest will must Heaven’s good grace command.

“So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty’s and Right’s,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature’s thwarting might.

“So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years.
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers.”
—*Tom Taylor.*

SONGS, STORIES, FACTS

WHEN LINCOLN WAS A LITTLE BOY

CLARA J. DENTON

Tune: YANKEE DOODLE

WHEN Lincoln was a little boy,
So fond was he of reading,
His book was with him at the plough
Or in the garden weeding.

His home was in the woods and so
He couldn't have much schooling.
He had to work the live-long day,
And had no time for fooling.

He understood the plough and hoe
And with the ax was handy.
He didn't care for dressing up,
And never was a dandy.

For all the while his head was filled
With plans for gaining knowledge.
A first-class lawyer he became,
Yet never went to college.

He borrowed books from far and near,
From every kindly neighbor,
And studied them most faithfully
When resting from his labor.

Chorus: Keep on working, working on,
Daily knowledge claiming,
And you at last will reach the heights
At which you are aiming.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

CLARA J. DENTON

Tune: WORK, 'FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING*

THE DAY that gave us Lincoln
Is one we all love well;
The day which now we honor
More than we can tell.
O little old log cabin,
Afar in forest wild,
We love your roof that sheltered
This most wondrous child.

And while we sing his praises
We'll try like him to be:
All upright, true and noble,
From self-seeking free.
And we will yet remember,
However poor our state,
There still is a chance, like Lincoln,
To grow good and great.

This day we will remember
In loyal love and joy;
For time or change can never
Faith in him destroy.
Yes, wreath this day with flowers
Forever in our thought;
It gave the world a hero
And sweet freedom brought.

* Music for this may be found in GOLDEN GLEES song book, by S. C. HANSON. Price, thirty-five cents, postpaid.

LINCOLN SONG

Tune: TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

WE ARE thinking today of a loved one lost,
 Lincoln, the true, the brave;
 Of the strong one who came, when tempest tossed,
 Our nation's bark to save.

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are mourning today,
 Mourning for the brave laid low;
 Many are the eyes looking up to say,
 Oh, why must this be so!
 Help us to say, humbly we pray,
 Father, may Thy will be done!

We are thinking today how he led us on,
 Just as the Lord led him,
 To the glorious victory well-nigh won;
 And our eyes with tears grow dim.

Chorus: Many are the hearts, etc.

We are weeping today, but the hour will come,
 Come when we all shall see
 Why the will of the Lord hath called him Home,
 No more with us to be.

Chorus: Many are the hearts, etc.

THE NAME WE SING

CLARA J. DENTON

Tune: AMERICA

OF LINCOLN now we sing,
 Loud let the welkin ring,
 The sound prolong.
 He broke the bondsman's thrall

And freedom brought to all,
His mighty blows let fall
The shackles strong.

This man of pure intent,
Whose every thought was bent
Sweet peace to bring.
O eyes so keen of view,
O mighty heart so true,
O soul with courage new,
Of thee we sing.

So long as human speech
O'er this broad land shall reach
From shore to shore,
Here will his noble name
Its high place always claim
Unequaled in its fame
Forever more.

HIS NAME

CLARA J. DENTON

Tune: MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

IN OLD Kentucky's wilds in a cabin that we know,
Before this day of days just one hundred years ago,
A blue-eyed baby came to this world of strife and woe,
And plain "Abraham" they called him.

Chorus:

O yes, O yes, for truth will make you free,
O yes, O yes, sweet truth gives liberty.
We'll sing this chorus over, and shout from sea to sea
'Tis now "Honest Abe" we honor.

But later on, because he the truth would always tell,
Another name they gave him and it became him well;
A name we'll always treasure, which none could buy or
sell,
And now "Honest Abe" we honor.

Chorus: O yes, O yes, etc.

And, now, if we could choose a great blessing for each
youth,
A something that would last till the end of life forsooth,
We know we'd choose at once "Honest Abe's" great love
for truth,
And now "Honest Abe" we honor.

Chorus: O yes, O yes, etc.

To be the President is indeed an honor great,
And most nobly did he bear his duty's heavy weight,
But the name that first he won was more than royal state,
And now "Honest Abe" we honor.

Chorus: O yes, O yes, etc.

A SONG OF REJOICING

CLARA J. DENTON

Tune: THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

WE ARE children of one flag, friends, yes, of the
colors three,
And proudly we're singing of Lincoln.
He it was who kept this country all safe for you and me,
And proudly we're singing of Lincoln.

Chorus: The old flag forever, hurrah! friends, hurrah!

“To Lincoln we owe it”

Shout from afar,
While we rally 'round the flag, friends,
Rally once again,
Still proudly we're singing of Lincoln.

And today we'll not forget while our flag is waving
high,

And gladly we're singing of Lincoln,
All the soldier boys that fought and for us did bravely
die.

Still gladly we're singing of Lincoln.

Chorus: The old flag forever, etc.

Yes, the country that he saved we will honor ever more,
While loudly we're singing of Lincoln.

And the dear old flag shall wave still on high from shore
to shore,

While loudly we're singing of Lincoln.

Chorus: The old flag forever, etc.

Since for Freedom did he live, and for Freedom did he
die,

Now proudly we're singing of Lincoln.

We will strive like him to keep all our standards pure
and high,

While proudly we're singing of Lincoln.

Chorus: The old flag forever, etc.

LINCOLN DEAR

LAURA R. SMITH

CLARENCE L. RIEGE

Lively



1. Wave the bon-nie ban-ners high, O Lin-coln dear! A
2. Bonnie flags shall crown you now, O Lin-coln dear, We



host of chil-dren pass-ing by, O Lin - coln dear, Will
place them by your no-ble brow, O Lin - coln dear; And

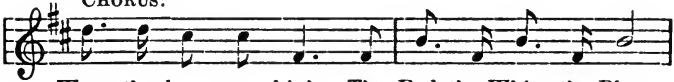


sing to you their sweetest song, As they now proud-ly
fair - er far than mon - u-ment, The love from our young



march a-long, For laurels un - to you be-long, O Lincoln dear.
hearts is sent, You were our honored President, O Lincoln dear.

CHORUS:



Wave the ban - ners high, The Red, the White, the Blue,



Wave the ban-ners high, To Lin-coln dear we're true. O



wave the bon-nie ban-ners, How proudly they all sway, We



wave the Red, the White, the Blue, For Lincoln dear today.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

LAURA R. SMITH

F. F. CHURCHILL &
MRS. CLARA GRINDELL


1. O dear Lin - coln, we are sing - ing Of your
2. O dear Lin - coln, we are bring - ing Choi - cest

no - ble deeds to - day; Ev - er fond will be your
flow'rs that ev - er grew; And we wave our roy - al

mem - 'ry; In our hearts you hold full sway. Your last
ban - ner, Flag of red and white and blue. Fare-well,

bat - tle now is end - ed, Your last vic - to - ry is
Lin - coln, we are sing - ing, Sweet in - deed may be your

Lincoln's Birthday—Concluded



o'er, But your dear name we will hon - or, And sing
rest; And you in our glo - rious coun - try, Take a


CHORUS:




prais - es ev - er - more. } Fare - well, Lin - coln, we are
place with he - roes blest. }




try - ing To be, like you, true and brave, For we

can but tru - ly hon - or One who free - dom to all gave.



THE SUNNY SOUTHLAND

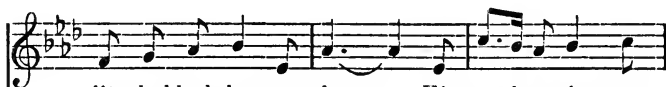
LAURA R. SMITH

Allegretto

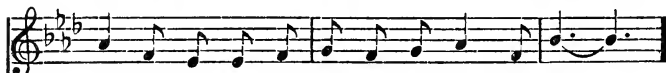
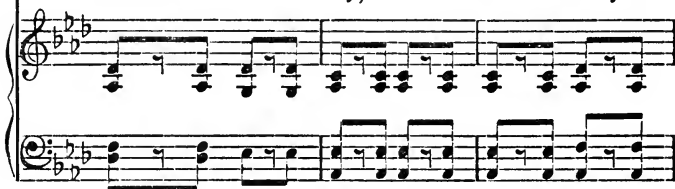
CLARENCE L. RIEGE



1. 'Way down in the sun - ny South - land Lives the
2. 'Way down in the sun - ny South - land, Where the
3. 'Way down in the sun - ny South - land You will



lit - tle black boy, you know; His moth - er sings a
sky is so bright and blue, The black boy on the
hear this sweet lul - la - by, The wee black boy must



lul - la - by, To the tune of the old ban - jo.....
ban - jo strings Likes to play the same tune to you
go to sleep, For the Sandman is pass - ing by



The Sunny Southland—Concluded

CHORUS:

Plunk-e-ty plunk, Plunk-e-ty plunk, Down in the

cot - ton - field we go; Plunk - e - ty plunk,

plunk-e-ty plunk, Plunk-e-ty plunk, plunk-plunk, banjo.

WHY DUMMY CLOCKS MARK 8:18

THERE are few who have not seen the ordinary sign of a jeweler, an immense imitation of a watch hanging over the front of the store. But it is safe to say that the number who have ever detected anything curious in these same signs is small. At 8:18 p. m., April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's Theatre at Washington by John Wilkes Booth. Since that fatal night every one of these watch-signs that has gone from the factory of the only man who makes them has shown the hour of 8:18. The man who makes them said: "I was working on a sign for Jeweler Adams, who kept a store on Broadway across the street from Stewart's. He came running in while I was at work and told me the news. 'Paint those hands at the hour Lincoln was shot, that the deed may never be forgotten,' he said. I did so. Since then every watch-sign that has gone out of here has been lettered the same as that one."

—*Journal of Education*

LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS

WHEN Lincoln was on his way to the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, an old gentleman told him that his only son fell on Little Round Top at Gettysburg and he was going to look at the spot.

Mr. Lincoln replied: "You have been called on to make a terrible sacrifice for the Union, and a visit to that spot, I fear, will open your wounds afresh.

"But, oh, my dear sir, if we had reached the end of such sacrifices, and had nothing left for us to do but to place garlands on the graves of those who have already fallen, we could give thanks even amidst our tears; but when I think of the sacrifices of life yet to be offered, and the hearts and homes yet to be made desolate before this dreadful war is over, my heart is like lead within me, and I feel at times like hiding in deep darkness."

At one of the stopping places of the train a beautiful little girl, having a bunch of rosebuds in her hand, was held up to an open window of the President's car, lisping, "Flowerth for the Prethident." The President stepped to the window, took the rosebuds, bent down and kissed the child, saying: "You are a sweet little rosebud yourself! I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness."

GRANTING A PARDON

THIS story, probably better than any other, illustrates the noble and sublime qualities of our great Lincoln. It is a forceful illustration of his justice—justice tempered with mercy.

“WELL, my child,” he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tone, “what do you want so bright and early in the morning?”

“Bennie’s life, please,” faltered Blossom.

“Bennie? Who is Bennie?”

“My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post.”

“Oh, yes;” and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. “I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence.”

“So my father said,” replied Blossom, gravely; “but poor Bennie was so tired and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie’s night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too.”

“What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand,” and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed! and he was the President of the United States, too. But Blossom told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie’s letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back—or wait until tomorrow. Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private office and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their green mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill depot to welcome them back; and as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently: "The Lord be praised!"

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THIS is what Abraham Lincoln himself had to say of his own and his family history, in a letter to his friend, the Hon. Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, Ill., under date of December 20, 1859—the year preceding his election to the Presidency, and about the time his friends were beginning to think seriously of his nomination:

"I WAS born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of distinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of

whom now reside in Adams and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union (1816). It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', 'ritin', and 'cipherin' to the Rule of Three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm-work, which I continued until I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois and passed the first year in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War and I was elected a captain of volunteers—a success which gave me more

pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature in the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterwards. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress, but was not a candidate for reëlection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral ticket making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

“If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

“Yours truly,

“A. LINCOLN.”

HOW THEY SANG THE “STAR SPANGLED BANNER” WHEN LINCOLN WAS INAUGURATED

THOMAS NAST

I WAS in Washington a few days prior to the inauguration of Lincoln in 1861, having been sent by the Harpers to take sketches when that event should come off. I did nothing but walk around the city and feel the public pulse, so to speak. There was no necessity of saying anything to anybody. You intuitively recognized that trouble was brewing. Many people had sworn that Lin-

coln should not be inaugurated. Their utterances had fired the Northern heart, and the people loyal to the old flag were just as determined that the lawfully elected President should be inaugurated, though blood should flow in the attempt.

It was an awful time. People looked different then than they do now. Little knots of men could be seen conversing together in whispers on street corners, and even the whispers ceased when a person unknown to them approached. Everybody seemed to suspect everyone else. Women looked askance at each other, and children obliged to be out would scurry home as if frightened, probably having been given warning by the parents.

The streets at night, for several nights prior to the inaugural ceremonies, were practically deserted. There was a hush over everything. It seemed to me that the shadow of death was hovering near. I had constantly floating before my eyes sable plumes and trappings of woe. I could hear dirges constantly and thought for a while that I would have to leave the place or go crazy.

I knew that all these somber thoughts were but imagination, but I also knew that the something which had influenced my imagination was tangible—really existed.

The 4th of March came and Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated quietly and without ostentation. After the services were over and it became known that Mr. Lincoln had really been inducted into office there was a savage snarl went up from the disaffected ones.

The snarl was infectious.

It was answered by just as savage growls all over the city. But nothing was said. A single yell of defiance, a pistol-shot, or even an oath would have precipitated a conflict.

Men simply glared at each other and gnashed their teeth, but were careful not to grit them so it could be heard. I went to my room in the Willard and sat down to do some work. I couldn't work. The stillness was oppressive.

At least a dozen times I picked up my pencils, only to throw them down again. I got up and paced the floor nervously. I heard men on either side of me doing the same thing. Walking didn't relieve the severe mental strain. I sat down in my chair and pressed my head in my hands.

Suddenly I heard a window go up and someone step out on the balcony of the Ebbit House, directly opposite. Everybody in the hotel had heard him.

What is he going to do? I asked myself, and I suppose everyone else propounded the same mental interrogation.

We hadn't to wait long.

He began to sing the Star-Spangled Banner in a clear, strong voice.

The effect was magical, electrical. One window went up, and another, and heads popped out all over the neighborhood. People began to stir on the streets. A crowd soon gathered. The grand old song was taken up and sung by thousands.

The spell was broken, and when the song was finished tongues were loosened, and cheer after cheer rent the air.

The man rooming next to me rapped on my door and insisted that I should take a walk with him. As we passed along the corridors we were joined by others, men wild with joy, some of them weeping and throwing their arms around each other's neck.

Others were singing and all were happy.

Washington was itself again. The "Star-Spangled Banner" had saved it.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM

MORTALITY

(O WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?)

"THE evening of March 22, 1864," says F. B. Carpenter, "was a most interesting one to me. I was with the President alone in his office for several hours. Busy with pen and papers when I went

in, he presently threw them aside and commenced talking to me of Shakespeare, of whom he was very fond. Little Tad, his son, coming in, he sent to the library for a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair said:

“ ‘There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterward saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would,’ he continued, ‘give a great deal to know who wrote it,* but I have never been able to ascertain.’ Then, half-closing his eyes, he repeated the verses to me as follows: ”

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

* This poem was written by WILLIAM KNOX, a Scotchman.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would
shrink;
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They enjoyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died! and we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;

And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

THIS address of Abraham Lincoln's was delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, November 19, 1863. The great battles fought at Gettysburg, in July, 1863, made that spot historic ground. It was early perceived that the battles were critical, and they are now looked upon as the turning-point of the war of the Union. The ground where the fiercest conflict raged was taken for a national cemetery, and the dedication of the place was made an occasion of great solemnity. The orator of the day was Edward Everett, who was regarded as the most finished public speaker in the country. Mr. Everett made a long and eloquent address, and was followed by the President in a short and simple speech which deeply affected its hearers, and later the country, as a great speech. The impression created on the audience has deepened with time. Mr. Stanton's (Secretary of War in Lincoln's Cabinet) prophecy as to the lasting qualities of the President's address has materialized. He said: "Edward Everett has made a speech that will make many columns in the newspapers, and Mr. Lincoln's perhaps forty or fifty lines. Everett's is the speech of a scholar, polished to the last possibility. It is elegant and it is learned; but Lincoln's speech will be read by a thousand men where one reads Everett's, and will be remembered as long as anybody's speeches are remembered who speaks the English language."

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have

come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A LIST OF IMPORTANT FACTS CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

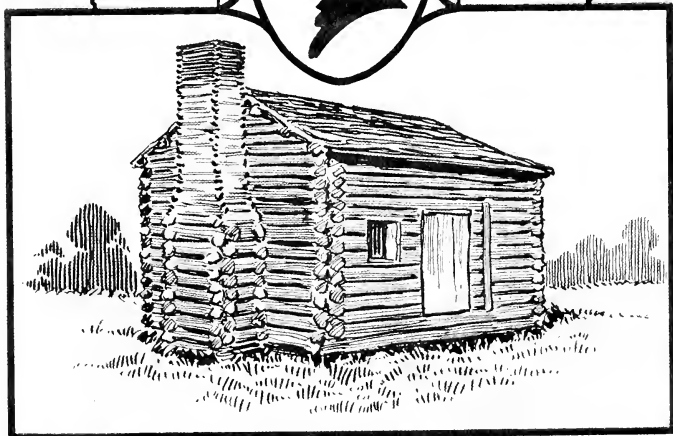
- 1809 February 12. Born in a log-cabin in Hardin (now Larue) County, Kentucky.
- 1816 His father moves with his family into the wilderness near Gentryville, Ind.
- 1818 His mother (Nancy Hanks Lincoln) dies, at the age of 35.
- 1819 His father's second marriage, to Mrs. Sarah Johnston (Johnson), widow with three children.
- 1828 Makes a trip to New Orleans and back, at work on a flat-boat.

- 1830 February and March. Lincoln family remove to Macon (not Mason) County, Illinois; log-house, near Decatur, on the Sangamon River. Abraham of age, works independently; makes 3,000 fence rails under contract.
- 1831 May. Makes another flat-boat trip to New Orleans and back, on which trip he first sees negroes shackled together in chains, and forms his opinions concerning slavery. Begins work in a store at New Salem, Ill.
- 1832 Lincoln's first political address. Enlists in the Black Hawk War; elected a captain of volunteers.
- 1833 Storekeeper, Postmaster, Surveyor, at New Salem.
- 1834 Elected to State Legislature.
- 1835 Death of Lincoln's betrothed, Miss Ann (or Anne) Rutledge, at New Salem. Lincoln deeply grieved.
- 1836 to 1842. Reëlected to the Legislature.
- 1837 Studies law in Springfield and forms law partnership with John T. Stuart.
- 1842 November 4. Marries Mary Todd.
- 1846 Elected to Congress.
- 1848 Declines reëlection to Congress.
- 1849 Returns to Springfield to widen his law practice. Engages in this until 1854.
- 1851 January 17. Thomas Lincoln (Abraham's father) dies in Coles County, Illinois.
- 1854 Lincoln's family now consisted of three sons (one had died in his infancy); his law practice remunerative.
- 1855 Debates with Douglas at Peoria and Springfield. Elected to State Legislature; resigns to seek U. S. Senatorship, but defeated by Douglas, is reëlected.
- 1855 } Aids in organizing Republican party.
1856 }

- 1858 Joint debates in Illinois with Stephen A. Douglas.
1859 Makes political speeches in Ohio, Kansas, etc.
1860 February. Lincoln tours New England; visits New York, and speaks at Cooper Institute, being introduced by W. C. Bryant.
March 16-18. Chicago Republican Convention. Unanimously nominated for President; Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President.
November 6. Elected President over J. C. Breckenridge, Stephen A. Douglas, and John Bell.
1861 March 4. Inaugurated President (the sixteenth).
April 15. Issues first order for troops to put down the Rebellion.
1862 February. President Lincoln's son Willie dies in the White House.
March. The President as acting Commander-in-chief overrules General McClellan and Council of War as to immediate forward movement.
July 2. Calls for 300,000 three-years troops.
August 4. Calls for 300,000 men, special, nine months.
1863 January 1. Issues the Emancipation Proclamation.
July 1-4. Victories for the Union armies. Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.; defeat for General Lee's Army. Vicksburg captured by General Grant. Lincoln thanks Grant for the capture.
September 17. Calls for 300,000 three-years troops.
November 19. His address at Gettysburg.
1864 February. Calls for 500,000 volunteers.
Renominated and reelected President.
1865 March 4. Lincoln inaugurated, the second term.
April 14. The President assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, at Washington. He dies the next morning.
May 4. Burial at Springfield, Ill.

LINCOLN DAY

ENTERTAINMENTS



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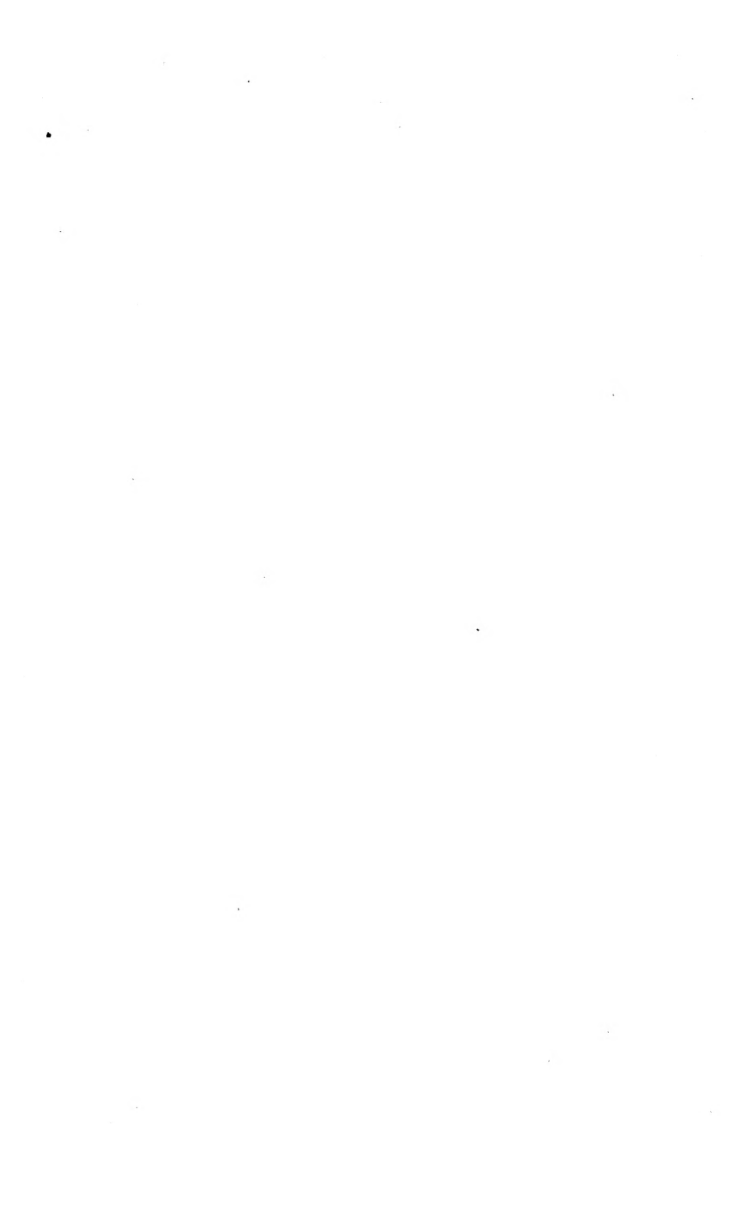
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